



# SATURDAY NIGHT

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Whole No. 1080

## THE FRONT PAGE

IN a recent issue an item appeared in this journal stating that while it was the habit of city people to envy the farmers their independent lives and the abundance with which their tables were spread, yet in too many cases the farmers deny themselves the good eating they could readily have in order to sell everything that proves saleable. The complaint of one farm-girl was quoted and it must be admitted that she voiced her grievance in an exaggerated way. The Review of Vankleek Hill objects to the paragraph in question, saying that while this journal is usually fair and about right in the opinions we express, yet in this case we seem to have wandered from the straight path entirely. "We happen to live," says the Review, "in a strictly rural community and eat many a meal with the farmers, and whether the editor of SATURDAY NIGHT believes it so or not we wish to assure him that if Toronto men, women and kids got as good meals as the farmers of Prescott County eat, they would not see so many patent medicines and physicians—they would resemble to a greater extent the brain and brawn that is produced on the farm."

Nobody can dispute the claim that the farm people of Ontario eat greater quantities of wholesome food than do the city people of Toronto. Yet I fancy that the idea in the mind of the writer of the paragraph in these columns to which the Review takes exception, was that in too many cases farm people do not live well when they could so readily do so. It is a case of the shoemaker's children running barefoot, and the editor's wife never getting her name in print.

HOWEVER, as this subject has been brought forward a few additional remarks may be made upon it by one who was born on a farm and knows many a farm table in different parts of the province. The tables he knows all are amply laden and the heads of family carve and serve with a generosity that makes the visitor stare. In many of these homes if the visitor does not wait until the table is spread and then sit in and eat a square meal he will not be forgiven. It matters not that he has just had dinner at another house a mile down the road—he must eat or stay until he can. In every way there is a plentiful board and a robust hospitality. And yet even in these rural homes, which are much above the average, one cannot help thinking that eating is too much of a duty, too much of a routine, and not sufficiently regarded as one of the privileges of life. If it is well to cook at all it is well to use ingenuity in cooking. If it is well to bake pies or cakes, it is well to have variety in the kind made. While one usually finds on farm tables food plentiful and pleasing in kind to a visitor, yet too often there is a sameness day in and day out which must make the men of the family mere feeders at table. They get much the same substantial things endlessly, and not enough frills, fancies and cunning combinations from the pot and the oven. Worse than all they do not get a sufficient variety of raw fruits and vegetables. In Ontario, as a whole, two great needs of the agriculturalists are more verandas in front of the houses and more family gardens behind. More verandas are needed so that people who frequently work too hard may learn to loaf unashamed, and also that the house may become a home and have the appearance of something better than a square box in which the family takes shelter against night and storm. More house gardens are needed so that flowers may lend their decorative effect, and so that fruits and vegetables for the table may be at hand. Both verandas and house gardens are needed so that the drear aspect of toil may be taken off the homestead, imparting to it the appearance of a place where youths and maidens may be supposed to dwell from choice and not necessity.

THIS is not merely the theorizing of a city man, for I know country life, and homes where verandas and well-kept gardens work their influence. From the train windows the reader may see what I mean as he speeds along. He will perceive that a few little touches suggest intelligence, comfort, the probable presence of a contented family, and how the absence of these touches suggests an uphill fight. Other things being equal the farm with the home-like appearance will sell for dollars an acre more than the other kind. There the butter buyer expects to get good butter and drives through the gate prepared to pay top price for it. There the stranger turns in his horse to enquire where he can buy a roadster, and the man sent out to collect a note decides at the gate that if requested he will renew it. In thousands of rural homes, for economy's sake, heads of families are trying to teach their children the fallacy that the clothes have nothing to do with the man. But it would be better if the heads of families taught their children that appearances go for a great deal—the appearance of a farm when you go to sell it, and the appearance of a farmer when he goes to market. The clean, tidy, wholesome-appearing individual profits from his appearance in town or city, and has done so since the world began, and we may infer from the vision of St. John that the most glorious angels are in the front row of heaven. Before concluding these reflections, which have resulted from several trips into various parts of the country, it may be said, in all reverence, that there are communities where people would be happier in this life and as safe for the next if they read the Old Testament less and a paper like SATURDAY NIGHT more. They spend too much time in toil and in almost insane terror of a future life, which the healthy mind should contemplate with trust and confidence. The religion of too many a good man, living overmuch by himself, has fermented and soured until it has become a bitter thing, so destructive of home that the children fly the place.

SEVERAL politicians in both parties have hinted within a fortnight that they expect the Dominion elections to take place not later than the last week in October or the first week in November. It may be so, but the reader must bear in mind that under the somewhat autocratic system of government which obtains in this supposedly

democratic country, the man who happens to be premier may change his mind at the last moment before the writs are issued. It is not necessary to hold Dominion elections until the end of next year, but however strong the spirit of economy may be in an administration it seldom declares itself so inopportunist as to forbid the pulling off of the general elections a year sooner than necessary for party gain. The signs indicating an election are two-fold. First, Hon. Clifford Sifton re-enters the Cabinet—the shrewdest party campaigner of his time. Four years ago it was not known that his party was

this journal should fall under his eye it may not be out of place for SATURDAY NIGHT to say that we have no belief that any present combination of provincial premiers and local disaffections will suffice to cause the defeat of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

He has been unfortunate in many of his lieutenants—too many, by far—but he remains a public figure splendid and alone in the imagination of the people. He cannot be beaten in a young and impressionable country by such forces as now oppose him.

Sir James Whitney will have his career if he lets

daylight. "Have you a swimming suit?" he demanded of the volunteer life-saver. The young man had not, nor was one to be had. "Then," declared the officer of the law, "you cannot strip naked and go in here."

The most serious offense any citizen of Toronto can commit is, of course, to dare to bandy words with a policeman. There are other offences more severely punished, but none more surely. The young man could not strip and plunge in. The child was not recovered, but some time later the body was secured by somebody properly garbed according to the by-law governing swimming and diving within the city limits.

The interference of the policeman with this life-saver at a time when every second was precious was too preposterous a piece of Bumbleism for real life. Yet it was reported in the daily press without comment, the result being that in the recent drowning accident in the Humber when young men hurried to the spot and began stripping to dive for the youth who had gone down, numerous law-abiding, but newspaper-reading citizens warned them that they must not do so—the police would arrive at any moment and arrest them. So this youth, too, drowned where he sank. But thanks be! decency was observed.

What's the matter with us as a people that the sight of the naked human figure must be absolutely forbidden, even though the figure be that of a life-saver rescuing a child? Surely it were better that the maiden modesty of a policeman should be shocked by the sight of a naked rescuer flashing into the water than that a child should drown. It were better even that a few prudish citizens—if they are as prudish as Inspector Archibald has striven for, many years to make them—should faint along the beach at the shocking sight of a naked rescuer, than that there should be no rescue at all. But such does not seem to be the Archibaldian view.

It is impossible to believe that any sane person, not in uniform, would fail to denounce the action of the policeman as stupid and unwarranted, yet the idea was allowed to go abroad that not even to save a fellow-creature's life must a person bare his complete figure, and so bystanders at the Humber repeated what the policeman had said at the Don, and the chance to save a second life was allowed to go by as a sacrifice to an unhealthy, if not an indecent, idea of decency.

After putting up, for many years, with a police influence aggressive beyond all reason, surely it is time the common sense of the city revolted when children are allowed to drown because volunteer rescuers do not happen to have brought drapery with them!

THREE men met the other morning in one of those down town haunts where at this season of the year homeless husbands are wont to gather to get their breakfasts, and one of them looking up from his morning paper remarked that it seemed to him that the newspapers were a little too anxious to fan the trouble between the C. P. R. and the company's workmen into a blaze. "A strike," he went on, "would be a bad thing for the country and I'm surprised that the newspapers should encourage the men in their mistaken policy merely for the news they get out of it."

"It does not seem to be a very good time for the men to strike, or even threaten it," said the second man. "We are just wobbling on the edge and Fate has not decided whether times shall get worse or grow suddenly better. A strike at this critical time might make a mess of all our hopes."

"Yes," resumed the first, "and there is scarcely a married man among those who talk of striking, but has a relative of his own or his wife's who is out of work and who looks enviously on those who can talk of the luxury of going on strike. But I am surprised at the newspapers."

"Well," said the third, who hitherto had remained silent, "as an old newspaper man let me explain that the newspapers have always, within my recollection, borne a very friendly attitude toward all strikes except those in the printing trade, and more especially those in the newspaper printing trade. These strikes they deeply deplore—they are so unjust, so destructive of the mutual interests of employers and men that the newspaper publishers become quite worked up over them. But in railway and other strikes, the newspapers always show a fine democratic spirit of sympathy with the men."

Which is about the size of it.

IT must be difficult for some of the unfortunates who appear in the police court and are swiftly sentenced to jail or prison for petty thefts to understand the principles of justice that govern us as a people. An errand boy who makes off with a banknote entrusted to his care, a customer in one of the shops who pilfers an article exposed for sale, or a workman who secretes in his clothes some of the materials on which he is employed, soon learns that theft is a criminal offense for which punishment is prompt and severe. He finds that no explanation is of any avail, that his remorse is of no account, his penitence is distrusted, and his offers of restitution are misunderstood as efforts on his part to buy his way out of the difficulty he is in. Off he goes to the refuse heap, to the scrap-heap of useless and rejected human stuff.

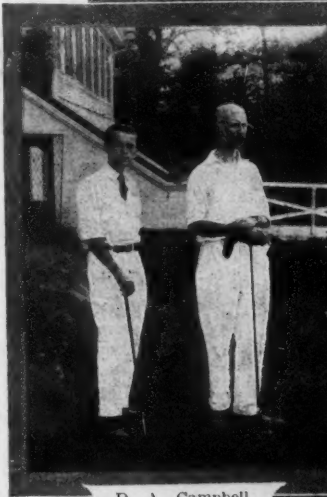
Yet the young fellow of this class sees much in the newspapers—and his relatives and friends see much—that appears to show that justice does not apply the same simple rules in all cases, nor turn the same unforgiving eye on all offenders as made him tremble and despair. Quite recently it was reported in the newspapers that detectives had been at work among a number of bartenders in the city and by means of marked coins had caught several of them in the act of falsifying their receipts and pocketing the money of their employers. The offenders were not to be proceeded against, however. As one interested person explained in a newspaper interview, it was not necessary to prosecute them as they had already lost their positions and, being known to other license-holders, could not secure employment. Perhaps this mode of procedure answers the purpose of those who owned the tills in question and did not wish to have them pilfered, yet this mode of procedure is not what society in-



On the Home Green.



A Group of Lady Players.



D. A. Campbell.  
G. G. Mackenzie.



D. W. Jamieson C. W. Lennox  
W. E. Greig W. R. P. Parker



Gordon Southam.  
D. C. Dick.



W. R. Smyth.  
Alfred Wright.



A. W. Rowbotham  
John Mill, Jr.



Judge Carr, Pittsburg  
Mr. Curtis, Chicago.

## SNAPSHOTS AT THE LAMBTON GOLF TOURNAMENT

dependent on him. Another kind of sign is the activity of the Opposition. It is given out that Mr. R. L. Borden, accompanied by Premier McBride, of British Columbia; Premier Roblin, of Manitoba and Premier Hazen, of New Brunswick, will tour Ontario in September. Sir James Whitney, of Ontario, left for England on Monday evening. He may or may not be back in time to join in the tour of his province. He will be far enough away to watch how the cat jumps.

Ontario will go heavily Conservative in the coming Dominion elections, not only because of antagonism over the North-west schools, but because a thirty-four years' prop that provincial Liberal officialdom gave the party has been swept away, and, finally, Sir James Whitney has acquired a strength that nobody had expected.

Stories are in circulation to the effect that Sir James may enter the Dominion campaign as leader of his party with Mr. Borden as his willing lieutenant. Stories of this kind, with variations, are under discussion in well-informed circles. But if Sir James Whitney has gone to England to get time to consider, and in case a copy of

no man hurry him. Things show a tendency to come to him as water rushes to a waterfall. Having earned a rest he would be wise to sit on the chalk cliffs of Old England and watch the ships poking their masts up over the horizon, thus confirming the lesson of the school books showing that the world is round.

AN almost unbelievable example of the Archibaldian prudery that too often makes the city of Toronto ridiculous is related in connection with a recent lamentable drowning accident in the Don river, and with a still more recent tragedy in the Humber river at the other end of the city. A little boy fell into the Don, a small crowd quickly gathered, and a policeman was soon on the spot. Almost coincident with the arrival of the officer there appeared on the scene a young man well-known in the East End as a good swimmer and diver, and he, hurriedly enquiring as to the exact spot where the child had gone down and undressing as he spoke, prepared to dive. But the policeman, steeped in the modesty and virtue of Inspector Archibald, interfered. There were people about. It was



sists upon in cases of this kind. The offenders were accused, tried and sentenced by unauthorized persons. Perhaps men who were only under suspicion were punished by going on the black list along with others whose guilt was undoubted. This is always the danger when private persons take the law into their own hands. It may be that it is not necessary to expose in court, publicly disgrace and lock up in jail, the men guilty of this offence. Perhaps the offenders are more likely to steer a straight course for the rest of their lives if not so disgraced, branded and initiated into the ranks of criminals. Yet it is the practice of the State to prosecute offenders of this class and visit on them the consequences of their acts.

ANOTHER case that will cause many who pass through the police court to do some puzzling is the sensational charge that J. K. Leslie, as treasurer of the Canadian National Exposition, is found to be twenty-thousand dollars or more short in his accounts—having made errors in his bookkeeping, and errors of judgment by which he invested or loaned to his friends money which was not his own. Of course the defalcation has been made good. But the ordinary police court customer will have some difficulty in understanding the accounts in the newspapers of the proceedings. Were the police wrong in arresting the accused or wrong in letting him go? Do we misread the papers when we gather from them that the mayor, controllers, Exhibition authorities, Crown Attorney and all concerned repudiate any responsibility in connection with the prosecution of the accused person? Or are they trying to free themselves from the charge of having been privy to a deal by which he would make restitution and escape prosecution? It is not easy to make out just which is the attitude of this man and of that.

Of one thing we may rest assured. Just so long as men, in a reading age, are able to gather from the newspapers that it is possible for a man to play fast and loose with funds not his own—confident that if caught he can hush it up and if not caught can cut a wide swath, men will go on playing fast and loose with such funds. Most of the troubles that befall men in this world are due to the mistaken notion that men can escape the consequences of their own acts. It can be done for a time, and in matters of small dimension, but perhaps it would be better for all if justice were done to all, as it is done to persons of no importance.

MACK.

#### The United States and the "Americans."

IT is with interest that I have just read your article in this week's SATURDAY NIGHT on the subject of the name "American" for the people of the United States of America (writes a Toronto young lady at present visiting in the United States). During the first part of my visit here it annoyed me extremely to hear people around me appropriating the name as though they were the only people on this continent. However, on the 4th July I met a distinguished soldier and diplomatist who has served for many years under the "Stars and Stripes," and he put the matter in a new light for me. He said: "When this nation was born, we were in such a hurry for a name that we did not stop to think of complications which might arise from the selection we finally made. The full name of our Country is 'the United States of America,' and 'Americans' is the only possible name for the people of this country."

That soothed my Canadian patriotism on that subject, but still there remains one point which galls me whenever I hear it, namely, the use of "America" as a synonym for the United States. I do not think that we Canadians ever use the two terms synonymously, but if a campaign could be waged on this point it would be sensible. When people have a name for their country why not make them use it? I attended a geography class in a school in New York one morning last May, in order to see how things were managed, and was amused as well as disgusted to find that the youthful Americans in the class really did seem to consider that the United States were all that it was necessary to take into account on this continent.

#### How it Feels to be Hanged

REV. J. T. MANN tells of the experience of one who is being hanged. He tells his story in writing to Spare Moments: "I was hung as a Confederate spy at Fort Barrancas, Fla. I spent four minutes physically and spiritually between earth and heaven. Then a Yankee sergeant, believing me to be the wrong man, cut me down.

"My first sensation when the board was kicked from under my feet was that a steam boiler inside me was about to explode. Every vein and blood-vessel to and from my heart seemed charged with an oppressive fullness that must find an avenue of escape. The nervous system throughout its length was tingling with a painful, pricking sensation, the like of which I never felt before or since. Then followed the sense of an explosion, as if a volcano had erupted. This seemed to give me relief, and the pain gave way to a pleasurable feeling, one very desirable could it be secured without death. With this sensation a light broke in upon my sight, a light of milky whiteness, yet, strange to say, so transparent that it was easier to pierce with the eye than the light of day. Then came into my mouth a taste of sweetness the like of which I have never since known. And I felt myself moving on, with a consciousness of leaving everything behind. Then I heard the sweetest of music, and it seemed that more than a thousand harps led in each part, accompanied by myriads of voices.

"And the sensation of coming back to life after I had been cut down was just as painful as the first feeling of hanging. It was acute torture. Every nerve seemed to have a pain of its own. My nose and fingers were seats of the most excruciating agony. In half an hour the pain was all gone, but I would not go through the experience again for the wealth of the Indies."

GEORGE W. S. JAMES, third son of Mr. M. A. James of the Bowmanville Statesman, has been admitted into partnership, and the firm name changed to M. A. James & Sons. The Statesman has been one of the leading provincial weeklies for many years and is shaping around so that it may continue its success indefinitely.

ALL the year round shower baths for people of both sexes and all ages are recommended by Park Commissioner Wilson, of Toronto. It has not taken Mr. Wilson long to show that he is not content to live at ease, but perceives the problems that exist in the congested centres of the city.

THE position of President of the new University of Saskatchewan has been offered to and accepted by Prof. William C. Murray, of Dalhousie College, Halifax. Thus the Maritime Provinces continue to supply university presidents to all parts of Canada, and a few to send abroad.

#### "A RECENT TRAGEDY."

BOB SMITH was a man of a marvellous mind. To which nothing was foreign or strange. He could talk by the hour, With singular power, On topics the widest in range. There was nothing in Heaven and nothing on earth That baffled his headpiece, until, He rashly one day, In a confident way, Attempted the All Red Route bill.

Most bills to Bob were as plain as a pike, He threaded their mazes with ease; While the weight of the stars, And the ditches on Mars Were trifles for afternoon teas. All questions of politics, science, and war, He discussed with exceptional skill; But his brain had a storm, When he tried to inform His friends on the All Red Route bill.

He grasped it at last but his mind was a pulp All crumpled the cells of his brain. They took him away In a wagon one day To a place for the cureless insane. Here he sits on a bench, and makes figures and things, And his friends may obtain, if they will, From this poor financier A remarkably clear Account of the All Red Route bill.

"HARRI."

#### General Wolfe's Mess Song.

TORONTO, AUG. 10.

Editor Saturday Night: In Washington Irving's sketch of "Abbotsford" the following interesting chat occurs between that gentleman and Sir Walter Scott:

"From this little cabinet of curiosities Scott drew forth a manuscript picked up on the field of Waterloo, containing copies of several songs popular at the time in France. The paper was dabbled with blood, 'the very life-blood, very possibly,' said Scott 'of some gay young officer, who had cherished these songs as a keepsake from some lady-love in Paris.'

"He adverted, in a mellow and delightful manner, to the little half-gay, half-melancholy, campaigning song, said to have been composed by General Wolfe, and sung by him at the mess-table on the eve of the storming of Quebec, in which he fell so gloriously:

"Why, soldiers, why, Should we be melancholy, boys? Why, soldiers, why, Whose business 'tis to die? For should next campaign Send us to Him who made us, boys, We're free from pain. But should we remain, A bottle and kind landlady Makes all well again."

In view of recent events, I think this little episode should prove of interest to SATURDAY NIGHT readers.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES W. BARRY.

IN the latest issue of Leslie's Weekly a picture is given of Earl Grey waving his hat and proposing three cheers for Vice-President Fairbanks, "who had just delivered the best speech of the celebration." In deciding which of many speeches is the best, much depends on the point of view of the one making the decision.

ON the occasion of the visit to Toronto of Lord Lovat, head of the Clan Fraser, The Globe, with characteristic hospitality, greeted him with an editorial in Gaelic. The incident discloses a dangerous accomplishment on the part of the chief Liberal organ, as it may at any time discuss politics in Gaelic and have the Conservative editors wholly in the dark.

BUSINESS men in Niagara Falls have formed a Prosperity Club of which the Daily Record is the organ. Members on initiation are to be let into the secret that times are good, even though they may not look so to those outside the organization. "Niagara Falls will surely in time," says the Record, "be one of the first cities in the Dominion, but let's hurry it along. Don't wait. Let's see to it ourselves."

LORD STRATHCONA, before sailing for England on Friday last, wired \$5,000 as a personal contribution towards the relief of the sufferers by the great fire at Fernie.

THE ship built to represent at the Quebec celebration the Don de Dieu, on which Champlain made his first voyage across the Atlantic, may be secured by a syndicate and taken on a trip to be shown at various cities in Canada. If the plans do not miscarry the vessel will go to Montreal this week, and may be expected in Toronto during the Canadian National Exhibition.

AT the age of 102 Mrs. Mary Macdonald Bennett, said to have been a cousin of Sir John A. Macdonald, died near Brockville last week. She had lived for sixty-seven years on the farm before she died.

#### The Finder of the Northwest Passage.

FOR generations the Northwest Passage to India was the object of many a fruitless search. Nearly every bay and river on the eastern coast of America has been hailed by some adventurous explorer as the opening into that long-sought passage. But the actual finding of it was reserved for Captain Amundsen, whose own account is given in his recently published book. Says the Columbia State:

Like most great men, Captain Amundsen is exceedingly modest about his marvellous exploit. It came so quietly, after the long struggle and penance, that it seemed a slight thing. He records it as follows in his book:

"At 8 p.m. my watch was finished and I turned in. When I had been asleep some time I became conscious of a rushing to and fro on deck. Clearly there was something the matter, and I felt a bit annoyed that they should go on like that for the matter of a bear or a seal. It must be something of that kind, surely. But then Lieutenant Hansen came rushing down into the cabin and called out the ever memorable words, 'Vessel in sight, sir!' He bolted again immediately, and I was alone.

"The Northwest Passage had been accomplished—my dream from childhood. This very moment it was fulfilled. I had a peculiar sensation in my throat. I was

somewhat overworked and tired, and I suppose it was weakness on my part, but I could feel tears coming to my eyes. 'Vessel in sight!' The words were magical. My home and those dear to me there at once appeared to me as if stretching out their hands—'Vessel in sight!'

"I dressed myself in no time. When ready I stopped a moment before Nansen's portrait on the wall. It seemed as if the picture had come to life, as if he winked at me, nodding, 'Just what I thought, my boy!' I nodded back, smiling and happy, and went on deck."

Nothing more. No drum-beat, no trumpetings. Just a sincere word, such as the mighty Greeks were wont to use in recording some earth-shaking event. He could well have gloried—

"We were the first that ever burst

Into that silent sea."

But no; only the calm and modest record, an entry in the log of the gallant little craft that had conquered the polar seas and the riddle of the centuries. No hero—"just the same man as before." "The Northwest Passage had been accomplished," is record enough for this gallant striver.

#### A Day's Tramp.

FROM a little volume entitled "Studies in Solitary Life," by W. R. Titterton, an English writer, this fragment is taken, as it seems in itself to constitute a timely sketch:

As he climbed the steep roadway he began to breathe more freely.

Pugh! He spit out the dirt of the city air.

It was a nasty business getting through a factory town, but it seemed cowardly to go round it. And besides—yes, he had wanted the change—to see people rushing about fiercely and getting bad-tempered with the bumping. But the air was poison. Even here filth covered the leaves and the branches.

A wonderful, horrible place.

He turned and looked back, but a twist in the road hid all save a few stone villas in their trim garden fringes.

Poor little gardens! Nature tied up in gravel paths and trellis work.

"Goes well with the miserable stone rabbit-hutches," he growled, as he faced the slope again and strode on.

On and up, to where the villas got fewer, and the fringes broader—but still besmirched—until there came another twist in the road, and then in an instant the world fell away in front of him, and he stood on the edge of a rock wall that overlooked a broad green valley, rising on either side into open moorland, and stretching straight on to a far-off cloud of blue hills.

The thin fresh mountain air rushed at him in whirl, tugged at his hat, rattled the tin things in his sack, wrestled with his cloak, pushed its way all over his skin, and flew off behind him, bearing with it all the smuts and staleness of the town.

He opened his lungs and shouted. What a fine big world! Brand new! The sparkling thread of river, the prodigious multitude of trees with the pure, sharp spire shooting out of them, the leaping empty swell of the downs, and those beautiful blue shadows of promise beyond! Clean and new, now and for evermore! Unless—he thought of the black, greasy dragon coiled behind him—unless that should crawl down from its lair poisoning all life with the flame and smoke of its breath!

"Damn the factories!" he interjected profanely, and started down the steep cart-track that skirted the precipice. A couple of market carts, heavily laden with food for the dragon, crawled past him. The broad, free countryside was only a vassal after all.

#### Fox at a Balloon Ascent.

IN these days of balloon tournaments and sky-chases it is interesting to recall the first ascent in a balloon witnessed in England. It was from the Artillery Ground, Samuel Rogers, who was present, tells us that Charles James Fox was there with his brother, General F.

The crowd was immense. Fox, happening to put his hand down to his watch, found another hand upon it, which he immediately seized.

"My friend," said he to the owner of the strange hand, "you have chosen an occupation which will be your ruin at last."

"O, Mr. Fox," was the reply, "forgive me and let me go! I have been driven to this course by necessity alone; my wife and children are starving at home."

Fox, always tender-hearted, slipped a guinea into his hand, and then released it. On the conclusion of the show, Fox was proceeding to look what o'clock it was.

"Good God," cried he, "my watch is gone!"

"Yes," answered General F., "I know it is; I saw your friend take it!"

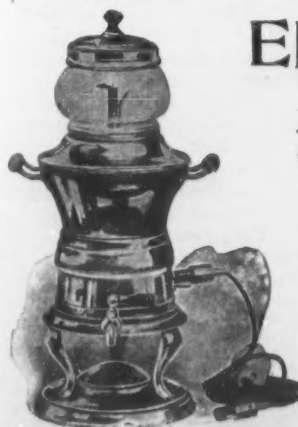
"Saw him take it! And you made no attempt to stop him?"

"Really, you and he appeared to be on such good terms with each other that I did not choose to interfere."

#### Story of the Newbury Coat.

BUCKLAND HALL, Berkshire, which was offered for sale at Tokenhouse-yard, was built at the beginning of the eighteenth century. A former owner won fame on account of a singular wager he made. It was that he would sit down at dinner at eight o'clock in the evening in a coat which was a growing fleece at five o'clock the same morning. The wager was taken. Two sheep were shorn, and the fleeces were submitted to all the necessary treatment, and at night he sat down to dinner in a damson-colored coat, with about 100 minutes to spare. The coat and the articles used in the various processes to ensure its completion are still preserved, the garment now being known as the Newbury coat.

NOW that the Olympic games are over the young Canadians who have proved their endurance ought to be invited to come home to aid and assist in taking off the big crop in the West. Every husky athlete should be impressed into service.—Calgary Daily News.



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## WALL PAPERS

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## Synopsis of Canadian North-west HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

**A**NY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

**Duties.**—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,  
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

# THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL



MONTREAL, August, 12th.

**T**HE inquiry into the textile troubles, conducted in this city by Mackenzie King, deputy minister of labor, has brought to light a dreadful state of affairs as regards child labor in the cotton mills in and about Montreal. A half dozen or so of these children, employed in the Hochelaga mill of the Dominion Textile Company, have given their testimony before the Commissioner. Here were a lot of little men and women with haggard faces, touselled hair and bare feet, stunted in stature and intellect. Under oath they gave their ages at fourteen, the legal limit at which a child can be employed. In most cases these children afterwards admitted that they either did not know their ages, or had been told by their parents to say that they were fourteen. As a matter of fact they ranged in age far below what the law requires, but they bore certificates from their legal guardians as to the necessary fourteen years, so the factory inspector and the mill manager bothered themselves no further. Almost without exception these little ones, who slave away their ten or twelve hours a day for a wage not exceeding 45 cents (one testified that he received \$3.50 for two weeks work), can neither read nor write. Some did not know the month of the year, nor the day of the week, nor the nature of an oath. A pack of little Canadian savages, stunted in mind and body—the lewd women, the desperate men, the anarchists of to-morrow. Mr. Mackenzie King, after the recital of this evidence, said: "I hope that the shareholders of the company who are enjoying dividends on such labor as this will seriously reflect on their responsibilities."

Muck raking, the little attorney of the Dominion Textile Company pronounced it. Well, perhaps it is. But it is raking to purpose, Mr. Montgomery to the contrary, notwithstanding. Child labor is carried on in the mills throughout the Province of Quebec to an extent that would not be tolerated for a moment in any other section of the Dominion. What is at the bottom of it all? Do we demand our fabrics too cheap, or are the owners of these mills too greedy? Or, perhaps, the brilliant financing of the Dominion Textile Company has something to do with it. The gentlemen who have turned handsome fortunes in Dominion Textile stock within the past few years might be able to solve the problem, if they but tried. Yet here, as elsewhere, there will be found no remedy except in an aroused public opinion.

The coming amalgamation of the Mexican Light and Power Company and the Mexican Tramways Company, no one doubting that a merging of interests will take place sooner or later, reminds one of how closely allied all these Central American enterprises are already. It might be said to begin with that they are all controlled by the Bank of Montreal group. For instance, Sir George Drummond is president of the Mexican Electric Light Company, Ltd.; he is president of the Mexican Light and Power Company, Ltd., while of the Mexican Tramways Company Mr. F. S. Pearson is president. It might further be observed that Mr. Pearson is consulting engineer of the Mexican Light and Power Company and a director of the Mexican Electric Light Company. So that if the three do not all work in pretty well together it is no fault of the several boards' personnel. The Bank of Montreal acts as banker or financial agent for at least two out of the three. Central and South American investments have taken out of Canada a good many millions of dollars, and so far have generally realized very good profits. The question is: Will those countries, Mexico, Brazil, etc., remain on their present good behavior, or will these pugnacious and quarrelsome Spanish-Americans give vent to their natural desires for revolution when the present strong administering hands are withdrawn? President Diaz, of Mexico, is old and already those below him in power are quarrelling among themselves as to who shall succeed.

For the first time in the long history of the Montreal Stock Exchange a late member has been declared a defaulter, and his seat sold to the highest bidder. The seat in question was that held by Victor Gray, an account of whose death occupied some space in these columns last week. And now comes a strange turn of events. It appears that the seat was in name, but not in fact, the property of Mr. Gray. That is, Gray had never paid to J. H. Dunn, the owner of the seat, and his former partner, the cash equivalent. However, the transaction between Gray and Dunn makes not one iota of difference to the Stock Exchange, for in their eyes the seat must necessarily belong to the man in whose name it is, and all proceeds from the sale of the same—Gray having been declared a defaulter—must go toward liquidating indebtedness to other members of the Exchange. By the same ruling outside creditors of the late member's estate have no claim upon the seat or the proceeds thereof, until the claims of the members of the Exchange have been satisfied. According to Stock Exchange rules the seat is merely a privilege to trade on the Exchange, and is worth just what the corporation makes it; and the Governing Committee of the Exchange may dispose of this seat or right of entrance as they deem fit. The seat in question brought \$17,000.

The local enterprises, such for instance as the Montreal Street Railway, should be hit by hard times, is strange, but nevertheless true. The receipts of the M. S. R. the present summer have fallen behind as compared with previous years, though the net result is practically the same owing to liberal cuts in the expense account. This condition of affairs appears all the more peculiar when it is considered that a hot season such as we have been through, ordinarily means increased receipts. Another enterprise that is being hard hit by bad times is Dominion Park. Last year the Park made upward of twelve per cent. on its capital stock. This year it is not expected to make over six, and it looks now as if it would not even reach that figure. Another instance where a decrease of traffic is most noticeable is on the lines such as the C. P. R. and Grand Trunk, where a specialty is made of Saturday to Monday journeys. Into the Laurentians mountains, catered to by the C. P. R. travel is easily one-third less than it was during the summer of 1907. This all means that the public is saving its pennies, and it is fair to

estimate that more money is going into savings accounts at present than has been the case for many a day.

Montreal hotel and business houses generally have been suffering from lack of travel. The United States upon which they all largely depend during the heated term has not turned out the accustomed number of visitors, except, of course, during the ten days of the tercentenary at Quebec. During that period lines such as the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, the Grand Trunk and the C. P. R. could scarcely handle the people, but when the Prince sailed and the curtain had been pulled down on the last pageant on the Plains business dropped flatter than a flounder.

James Ross and F. L. Wanklyn, representing the Dominion Coal Company, and F. B. Jones, manager of the Dominion Steel Company, are at present in the midst of a wordy newspaper war over the merits of the Steel Company, and what the last annual statement of that corporation told and did not tell. Mr. Ross, in putting forward the fact that out of 170,000 tons of rails ordered and paid for by the Dominion Government the National Transcontinental had up to the present utilized less than 15,000 tons, evidently hit a sore point. And the further statement that the Governments, Dominion and Provincial, had since Mr. J. H. Plummer's presidency of the Steel Company, paid to that corporation no less than five million of dollars, did not tend to make the big Sydney corporation think any more of the aforesaid James Ross. However, the whole controversy tends to open the eyes of investors. In the natural course of events the Dominion Government must cease pouring its millions of money into the capacious maw of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. Between bounties and tariffs, added to the fact that Canada is to-day paying twenty per cent. more for rails than they could be purchased for abroad, makes the aforesaid corporation an expensive ornament to the fellows who must hustle and accumulate the cash. According to Mr. Jones it is the upbuilding of a basic industry of a young country. That sounds well, but the Steel Company does not seem to me much farther along than it was three or five years ago; and that the banks back of the enterprise have not an over abundant faith in its ultimate destiny is indicated by the fact that they want their money and they want it quick, even to the extent of urging a settlement with the Coal Company on terms of Mr. Ross' own making.

Toronto, Aug. 13.

**S**ECURITIES have been in good demand during the week. The lower rates for money have favored operations, and the speculative element has been more prominent. Prices have risen considerably, but doubts as to the permanency of the movement seem to exist. The foreign issues monopolized a great deal of attention, and a few of them made new high records. Owing to the activity in Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo, the Street terms the operations as a Mackenzie market. The former stock of which Mr. Mackenzie is chairman of the road, made a new high record, with sales at 58½. This stock sold as low as 27 last November, while the previous high price was in January, 1907, the issue then selling at 48 1-4. The gentleman mentioned is President of the Sao Paulo, and the stock this week sold around 147½, while the previous high price (146) was in February, 1906. Sao Paulo in October of last year went down to 94. The upward movement since then of over 50 points was greater than in any other stock, and the natural assumption is that the rise was partly due to manipulation. The Company, however, distributes a larger part of their net revenue to shareholders than most concerns. Shareholders now get 9 per cent. per annum as compared with 5 3-4 in 1903. It is street gossip that Rio will eventually be a better thing than Sao Paulo, but as yet holders receive no dividends. The earnings of both companies are satisfactory. Another Mackenzie Company that has been to the fore on the Stock Exchange lately is Toronto Railway. Dealings this week in the issue have increased, and prices have risen to a higher point than they have reached since March, 1907. The low point (83) of last year was in November, while the high point (125 1-4) was in March, 1906. The decrease of \$4,000 in gross earnings last month was the first monthly decrease in a number of years, and naturally caused comment. Manager Fleming attributes the decrease to the general depression, and says that while other roads began to feel the effects of money stringency months ago, the Toronto Railway Company was fortunate in escaping such a condition until recently. The city, however, got a larger amount of money from the company last month as its proportion of the receipts. The amount of the cheque was \$55,255, which compares with \$47,970 in July of last year, while five years ago the city's proportion of gross earnings for July was only \$23,522. Gross receipts last month were \$301,451, as against \$305,645 in July last year, and \$196,021 in July, 1903. The reason for the larger amount paid the city for last month on a decrease in receipts is that according to the terms of the franchise the road has to pay 10 per cent. per annum when gross receipts are between \$1,000,000 and \$1,500,000, 12 per cent. between \$1,800,000 and \$2,000,000, 15 per cent. between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000, and 20 per cent. when gross receipts exceed \$3,000,000 a year. Twin City and Winnipeg Electric, other issues of the same character, were apparently not in such favor this week, and consequently did not advance. The last named stock, however, is highly spoken of, is held by few, and is cheap at current prices.

Brokers' offices show much more animation than they have for many months. The rising prices is the attraction, and at times there is quite a hum among the increasing crowds who are patronizing such offices. There are fewer heavy traders than in 1906, when the bull market was on, but the number of small traders form a respectable coterie. Several of the biggest scalpers of a few years are gone, or at least their money has disappeared. Others are holidaying. These are canny ones, who want to see the Presidential election over before they risk much. A victory for the Democratic nominee, while it would not probably have any unsettling effect on Canadians, if fundamental conditions remain sound, would be almost sure to cause some liquidation in Yankees. While the regular commission houses here are doing a good deal of business in the securities issued in the United States, the number of bucket shops are greatly reduced. These have gone down in the bull market. It is the old story.

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Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Two and One-half per cent. for the quarter ending 31st August (Ten per cent. per annum) on the capital stock of the Bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on 1st September, 1908.

The transfer books will be closed from 24th to 31st August, both inclusive.

By order of the Board,  
**J. TURNBULL,**  
General Manager.  
Hamilton, 20th July, 1908.

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defendant, angrily.

"Quite so!" assented the K.C. stately. "And have you any other business?"

"Now, sir," began the smart K.C., "you say you discharged the plaintiff from your service because he was somewhat addicted to liquor. Is that correct?"

"It is," answered the defendant.

"Good!" said the K.C. "You do not consider it advantageous to yourself that your employees should be devotees of Bacchus?"

"That is so."

"Now, kindly tell the gentlemen of the jury—do you drink yourself?"

"That is my business!" retorted the

Miss Passy—Oh, it's very good of you, Captain, to invite me for the first waltz.

The Captain—Don't mention it, ma'am. This is a charity ball.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Since Miss An Teek has her electric phaeton she speeds so that she keeps the bicycle cops busy."

"Why does she do it?"

"She says it's so exciting to be chased by a man."—Evening Sun.



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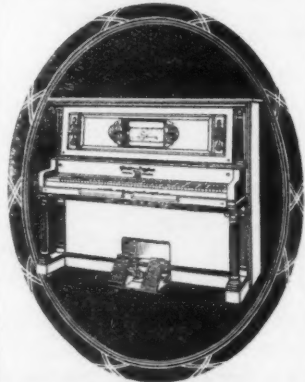
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Those who patronize such places find every facility for losing their money while the bucket shop keeps open, but as soon as the clients get a market to suit them and begin to make money the shop closes up, and their margins and profits are impounded. Within a couple of weeks one or two Yankee establishments put up the shutters, and their clients are in the soup.

The increased activity in stocks has been greatly brought about by cheap money, and from a belief that the industrial situation is on the mend. Money here is lower at 5 to 6 per cent. on call, and in New York the quotations range from 4 to 5 per cent. on speculative accounts. Bank shares continue to be taken by investors, and in some cases improvement in prices is noted. Imperial, Standard, Dominion, Commerce and Traders are the most active issues. At current prices they are cheap, and are likely to sell higher in the near future. There is a further advance in Canada Permanent Mortgage Co. shares. These shares have risen from 111½ to 135 this year. At the latter price the return on the investment is 5.12 per cent., and some say the dividend will be increased from 7 to 8 per cent. Gas and telephone stocks are being invested in as sure things. Bonds and debentures are also in good demand at slight advances. These are being taken by insurance companies, and the best issues are finding a ready market. This class of investors now prefer securities of undoubted character. In fact, the time has gone by when insurance and trust companies will be in the market for anything else.

The regular dividends on Canadian Pacific were declared on Monday. The net income of the company C. P. R. was good, but hardly as satisfactory as shareholders during the first six months of the last fiscal year had expected. After payments of interest and the dividend on the preferred stock, there was left less than 9 per cent. for the common stock as against something like 13 per cent. the previous year. May was the particularly bad month, with a decrease in gross earnings of \$1,551,000. In June the decrease was \$1,282,000, while in July, the first month of the present fiscal year, the decrease was only \$684,000. There is, therefore, some improvement, and with the settlement of the strike, the outlook for this year should be bright. Gross earnings for 1907-08 were \$71,384,000, as against \$72,217,000 the previous year, \$61,669,000 in 1905-06 to \$50,481,000 in 1904-05. Net revenue the last year was \$14,796,922, and after payments of all dividends and interest the surplus for the year carried forward is \$5,579,715. With respect to the strike on the road the Winnipeg Saturday Post says: "Had it not been for the strike of the C. P. R. mechanics there is every reason to believe that we should now be in a position to look forward with assurance to the harvest time, in the expectation that the crops would be financed and moved in record time. The banks are ready; the brokers are ready; the elevators are ready; the boats are ready, and have sufficient warm weather before them to give their owners every reason to hope that they could take out the greater part of the crop before navigation would close. Everything was in perfect condition to give us a great boost, after our hard bump of last year—and now comes this confounded strike and threatens to knock all our fondest hopes on the head. Truly, the Canadian West is travelling in hard luck these days—but, surely, the obvious fact that this latest setback is caused by purely artificial conditions will arouse the business men to such an extent that they will compel the removal of obstruction that has no legitimate reason to exist, and that will cause disaster if it is tolerated. Providence helps those that help themselves—and the way for us to help ourselves out of our present difficulties is by using a club."

The Canadian Northern shows remarkable growth in the past few years. In 1903 the road was operating C. N. R. only 1,236 miles, while in April, 1908, it had grown to 2,874, an addition in five years of 1,638 miles, or 132 per cent. Another 350 miles has been completed and will soon be put in use, making the total mileage 3,224. In the same period the company's capital stock has been increased from \$25,750,000 to only \$30,750,000, although it is proposed to issue \$20,000,000 more in the near future. Bonds and debentures stock outstanding have been increased from \$13,918,128 in 1903 to \$48,285,985 in 1907. The surplus earnings in 1907 was \$1,043,545, an increase of \$820,624 as compared with 1903. The company earned its charges, with a safe margin. The government of Manitoba and the Dominion have guaranteed most of its bonds and debenture stock. With such backing, it is manifestly plain that the promoters are well protected in pushing the extensions along faster than the natural growth of revenues has perhaps justified. Another element of safety lies in the land grant account. The company has a surplus in this account of \$6,764,638, besides deferred payments due on land sales of \$4,871,039, and 1,828,250 acres still unsold in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. It is intended to make the system transcontinental, reaching from Nova Scotia to some point on the Pacific, in the next few years, and the biggest remaining link, to bridge the gap from Edmonton, in the centre of Alberta, to the coast, is already projected. Furthermore, the company is planning to build at least twenty-six branch lines, which will act as feeders and distributors for the main system, and which will serve to open up many sections hitherto without any railway facilities. Through its subsidiaries, the Canadian Northern Ontario and the Canadian Northern Quebec, the company has an entrance into Quebec, Montreal and Toronto. The lines already in operation derive a great amount of traffic from the iron range country of Ontario and the grain provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

### Henry James and Life.

THE storm of anecdotes that beats about most well-known authors, particularly of the best-selling variety, seems never to have struck Henry James. Perhaps it could not break through the barricade of sentences that surrounded him. It will be remembered that Mr. James was once called "an idea entirely surrounded by words." But, once in a while a story trickles through. Not long ago a young lady, one of the earnest-seekers-after-truth kind, said to Mr. James:

"Oh, Mr. James, won't you please define life?"

Whereupon the novelist gravely replied: "It is the predicament that precedes death."

Mr. James fights shy of making speeches in public. He reserves them for his books. On one occasion he was the guest of honor at a dinner in New York. After much persuasion he was induced to speak. As he rose to his feet he naively said:

"You know, gentlemen, that I never make speeches, and when I have concluded to-night you will realize that I have not broken my rule."—Saturday Evening Post.

Of course, the boat rocker might plead that he acquired the habit while he was in the cradle.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## OLD HOME WEEK

Or Rather the Week After.

THE tumult and the shouting dies,  
The captains and their teams depart,  
The ice cream cone men go, likewise  
The peanut and the waffle cart.  
The Coney Red Hot's sun has sunk;  
Pink lemonade is iced in vain;  
The fortune-teller packs her trunk  
And hurries for the early train;  
But, gee, we have a headache yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Our sons, our daughters, and our friends  
With blare of brass, and boom of drum,  
Have come from earth's remotest ends,  
You bet we gave them "Welcome Home!"  
When they struck town, the town went "bing!"  
Our ways most surely are not theirs,  
Well, city folks will have their fling  
At our quaint, simple joys and cares.  
They'll have their little joke, but yet  
They might forget, they might forget!

The dim gleams of the misty moon  
Must now suffice us for the night;  
No arches now turn dark to noon,  
Once more we walk by faith, not sight.  
Where now is Main street's surging crowd?  
The street is bare from curb to curb.  
The lonely footsteps sound so loud  
It seems the town's sleep to disturb.  
But our new pavement's with us yet,  
It's asphalt, too, don't you forget!

A little cash is left to us—  
Three phoney dimes, a bad five-spot.  
Our wives will make an awful fuss,  
But then just see what we have got.  
Of fool and idiot things enough  
To start a five-and-ten-cent shop.  
Yes, some folks did act rather rough;  
They didn't know just where to stop.  
Say, was that pail of water wet?  
Let me forget, let me forget!

SHERWOOD HART.

Toronto, Aug. 10.

### Is the Grand Trunk Pacific Loitering?

From the Week, Vancouver.

SINCE the date of its last issue The Week has received a call from three men, just down from the North. The first has been a resident for many years in the Bulkley Valley, the owner of several thousand acres of land in that district, and is in every sense a responsible man. The second has just made a trip up the Skeena as far as Kitsulas Canyon; the third a prominent Vancouver business man has been to Prince Rupert for the purpose of selecting a business site. All three agree upon one subject and have imbibed a common impression which is that the G. T. P. is not making any serious attempt to proceed with railway construction. Not one of these men is a politician; they are all business men looking solely to the development of the country for business purposes. They consider the action of the G. T. P. a mere bluff to create the impression of activity where none exists. They state for instance that on the Kitimaat Branch, one hundred miles in length, which was to be completed this year, there are fewer than fifty men at work and the wagon road is not yet completed. On the Skeena, between Port Essington and the Canyon, there are very few men working, and no considerable results visible. The work at Prince Rupert they consider has been greatly exaggerated and in any case has been almost confined to the wharves and docks; the railway cutting is not at all extensive, and at the present rate will last an indefinite time. They all agree upon another charge of a serious character which is that the company's contractors are not living up to the agreement made with the Provincial Government in respect of the rate of wages, and that instead of paying white men the rate current in the district as required by such an agreement, they are offering ordinary laborers but \$45 a month and charging them \$5 a week for board. The result is that white men are refusing such inadequate remuneration, which is far below the current rate of \$3 paid by the Government, which accounts for the hundreds who are returning to swell the loungers on the streets of Victoria and Vancouver. The Week would hesitate to publish these statements without making a personal investigation, but for the fact that the men who gave the information are so well known and so reliable that it is impossible to doubt the correctness of their statements. The attention of the Government is called to this matter, and the publicity given to it will, no doubt, result in such enquiry as will satisfy all concerned.

### King Edward and the Milk.

IN relating his impressions of King Edward, M. Noel Dorville, the black-and-white artist, tells how, while drawing the King's portrait at Buckingham Palace for the Entente Souvenir Album, His Majesty criticized his work with great discrimination, remarking: "We have rather artistic tastes in my family. The Queen, my mother, drew very well, and I myself wielded the pencil when a boy. Apropos, how do you fix your drawings, monsieur? I used to fix them simply with milk, and remember that during some of my first attempts I drank the milk instead of using it for the drawings."

Thomas E. Watson, in a speech at Atlanta, Georgia, accepting the Populist nomination for President, classed many millionaires, whom he mentioned by name, as criminals, and denounced corporations and trusts as the merciless enemies of the people, which had caused the financial distress of last fall.

### WALT WHITMAN'S ADVICE.

THIS is what you shall do: Love the earth, and sun, and animals, despise riches, give alms to everyone that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence towards the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown, or to any man or number of men; go freely with powerful uneducated persons, and with the young and mothers of families; read these leaves (Whitman's works) in the open air every season of every year of your life; re-examine all you have been told at school or at church, or in any book, and dismiss whatever insults your own soul.

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**BENGER'S**  
FOOD

## STUBBS and I

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

I POSSESS a bull-dog. I can see him from my library window quite plainly. He is now eating that portion of my mother-in-law's cat left over from this afternoon. What I should do is take my heaviest stick from the umbrella stand and coming on him unawares, at his horrible repast, chastise him for killing pussie. She was a nice old cat and dear mother-in-law adored her. I should exert my authority over that mere, brutal beast of a bull-dog, but I guess I won't.

This morning that dog came into my life, and if he don't go out of it by eight o'clock to-night, I'm going to have Stubbs arrested for attempted murder. Stubbs says he bought the dog for me, thinking I was passionate through the many kindnesses and considerations I have shown him. Stubbs reminds me of a cat, somewhat. Pat a cat's head and call her "poor pussie" and nine times out of ten, to show her appreciation of your kindness she'll lug her kittens up to your bedroom and make you adopt them. Stubbs is like that. He has shown his gratitude in various, murderous ways. This canine gift of his is his latest. The bull-dog arrived about nine o'clock this morning. I was out on the lawn, feeding the gold-fish and pondering on a bright gem of sentiment for my love chapters in "The Human Fish-Hook," when I noticed coming toward me down the walk a brindle-complexioned, bullet-headed man leading by a slender chain a bullet-headed brindle-complexioned bull-dog. I casually noticed that both animals were built pretty much on the same lines. Both had short bodies, heavy chests and bow legs. They were lantern-jawed cadaverous looking creatures. The man animal wore a red sweater, and a big cigar. This was the only distinction between them worth mentioning. I was sure I had seen the man's photograph among Stubbs' collection of celebrities.

He halted a few paces away and gazed upon me sorrowfully. Now, people, particularly strangers, have a way of looking at me as though they felt sorry for me. I don't know why and I invariably resent it because I dislike sympathy of any kind. The bull-dog looked sorry for me, too. I frowned darkly.

"I say, is your name Dribb?" asked the man.

I said that it was.

"Well, hold chappie, me name's Kid 'Awkins, you 'ave 'card o' me, hey?"

I shook my head.

"Ave you never 'erred o' Puptroot, th' great fightin' bull-dog?" he asked with a grin.

"No," I thundered, "I have not."

"Well this be 'im," said the man, nodding his great head slowly up and down, "this be Puptroot, an' he be yours now, 'e be. De tall spout 'e says, says 'e; 'ere's your price for 'im,' says 's 'take 'im to me dear frien' Dribb,' says 'e."

I was speechless. Even when the dog upset the basin of gold-fish and proceeded to eat my pets with a relish I did not find my voice.

Just here, Stubbs appeared upon the scene and recognizing the pair of prize-fighters, he laughed softly and devilishly. "He's yours," he cried, slapping me on the shoulder, "the most noted, most valuable dog in the city is yours, Dribb. Of course you're tickled. Didn't I tell you, Kid, that Dribb here would be delighted. Didn't I say that Dribb needed a companion such as Puptroot here, didn't I?"

"Aye, you did," chuckled the man, "on me 'onor you did. Them be your very words, sir."

"It's awfully kind of you, Stubbs," I said with deep-throated emotion.

"My dear friend," he cried, linking his long arm in mine, and leading me over toward the dog, "you must pat his head you know, you must pat his head to show him that you love him and will be a kind master to him."

"Best kick 'im good hand 'ard a few times," suggested the man, "eight or ten good 'ard kicks 'll make 'im understand more than a million pats. Besides," he added, "Puptroot not bein' used t' pats might not take on 'em."

I had made up my mind to ring for the police and have Stubbs, the prize-fighter and the dog removed from the premises, all three, when my mother-in-law turned in at the gate and came toward us. As soon as she saw the bull-dog she went into hysterics. I remembered, then, that she hated dogs and determined I should keep this one out of spite. Stubbs ran forward and caught the old lady just as she was swooning. Puptroot thrust his head forward like a hungry turtle and gave a growl that shook the Virginia creeper off the summer-house. It was plain to be seen that the bull-dog wished to guzzle dear mother-in-law. It was all the man in the red sweater could do to hold him in leash. He strained and tugged at that slender chain until I felt hopeful it would break; but it didn't. I don't know the name of the man who made that chain, but you can bet he's a mean, narrow-minded man. I hope he meets with disaster. Just here the man holding the bull-dog took to laughing. I have no objection to a man laughing, provided time and place be suitable for the recreation and there be something to laugh at. The Bible, a copy of which we have always kept in our home, says, "there is a time to laugh," or words to that effect.

I contend that this was no fit season for that pug to voice his uncontrollable mirth. If dear mother-in-law's two hundred and fifty pounds saw fit to wake to sudden and violent animation and plow a large ragged hole through the hedge fence, that was her business and the gardener's, not his. There was nothing funny about it.

I cannot say definitely what became of Stubbs. I was anxious about my wife's mother and was busy climbing a maple, the better to note what tactics she would adopt on the other side of the hedge. I was also prompted by a desire to get safe before the dog broke away from the man.

I reached the top of the tree in an incredibly short space of time, considering my age, and looked about for the old lady. I perceived her just about to enter our neighbor's door. This surprised and gratified me, as she had not spoken to those neighbors for over two years; I was beginning to look upon the whole situation as providential until I chanced to glance down and found the bull-dog sitting just beneath me. He was moving his heavy jaws backward and forward like a carding machine. His red eyes were fastened upon mine in a look I could not fail to understand. The man in the red sweater had gone. I gazed about me hopefully for the mangled form of Stubbs. Alas! I could discern it nowhere. It was almost more than I could bear. Mother-in-law safe, Stubbs only missing and myself—  
I would not think about myself. I would set my fer-

tile brain to work and plan some means for my salvation. A thousand terrible thoughts came crowding to torment me. Dyspeptics sometimes had fainting spells. I had read somewhere that this was so and here was I a chronic dyspeptic aloft in a tree and gaping, champing death just beneath me. I am a brave man, but I felt the cold sweat trickle down my face as I thought how easily I might topple out of that tree. I pictured my hands falling listlessly away from the limbs, about which they were fastened convulsively, my eyes closing like the eyes of a little tired child and my form swinging and crashing to earth. I swallowed hard and climbed down a few feet. The bull-dog smiled horribly and wagged his short tail. Then I fear I forgot for a time that I was a member of the church and a much respected man in my community. To those neighbors who, from balconies and upstairs windows, overheard my heated remarks to the bull-dog, let me say in my defence that I was a much tried and much-treasured man. I ask them to place themselves in my position. There was much that might have happened to cause my instant destruction. Think, if I should have been overcome with faintness, if a wind storm should have arisen and blown over that tree, supposing lightning should have darted from the clouds and shattered my pillar of safety, why a thousand and one things might have happened to me to unseat me and hurl me to destruction!

Along in the middle of the afternoon, Stubbs climbed out on the porch and spoke a few words of consolation to me. "You have always been a good-living man, Dribb," he said, sadly, that should buoy you up some. There are lots of worse things." Emotion overcame him here and he hid his face in his handkerchief.

"If the worst comes to the worst, dear friend," he went on, sadly, "try and fall from the top of the tree, you'll be too stunned to feel anything then, you know."

"Can't you come down and coax him away, Stubbs?"

I pleaded. Stubbs shook his head. "You don't know the nature of bull-dogs, Dribb," he said. "I could never get him to leave his master." I began to despair. The bull-dog was once more directly beneath me, he had left me for a little time to chase mother-in-law back among her neighbors, and I could tell by his expression that he looked upon me as a sure and soon victim.

Just here the old, grey cat, that had lived eight of her lives out with my wife's mother and had gone some distance on her ninth, came slowly up the walk. I saw the bull-dog lower his bullet head and with muscles tense, steal toward her. As he grabbed the cat I dropped to earth and ran like a scared deer toward my domicile. I did not try the door, I shinned up one of the verandah poles like a squirrel. Stubbs says he don't think I touched my hands to the post at all.

It is now evening, a July evening and all nature is resting sweetly. So also is Puptroot the bull-dog. Beneath the maple he rests, thinking I am still among its branches. I yearn to shoot the blood-thirsty brute, but as another member of our family would like to see this done, I have decided not to do it. I have sent for the man in the red sweater to come and get the dog. Stubbs has thoughtfully locked himself in his room.

## A ST. NICHOLAS IN PRISIAC

By A. Hugh Fisher.

ON the altar-rail of St. Nicholas Church  
Two little angels with wings of wood,  
Each on the top of a slender perch,  
Stand in the stillness watching the Rood.

Little twin angels gowned in blue,  
These are words of a song for you:

"Praise! praise! for all days  
To the man that made us with his hands;  
Many come from many lands  
To gaze, gaze, and go their ways.

"Gloom, gloom has hidden his doom;  
Where he lies no man can tell.  
Pray we a rose and a little bluebell,  
Bloom, bloom about his tomb.

"In making us he praised the Lord,  
Who made the man and made the tree,  
And till the woodworm like a sword  
Smites us to dust his prayer are we."  
—The Academy (London, June 6).

A Bill for a Saddle.  
SECRETARY SHAW, of the United States Cabinet, and Senator Depew were talking over the carelessness of well-to-do people who, by overlooking their small bills, frequently bring disaster upon the tradesmen who are trying to do business on a small capital.

"It sometimes happens that these poor devils have two or three times the amount of their capital out in bills that if paid promptly would make their commercial ways a path of roses," said Secretary Shaw. "Little bills of three, four and five dollars, not much in themselves, mount up high in the aggregate, and it sometimes happens that a seeming prosperity, through the failure of a lot of customers to pay their bills within a reasonable time, results in ruin."

"And yet," said the Senator, "it sometimes works the other way. I heard a story in England once of a harness dealer who, on entering his shop one afternoon, after an absence of several hours, noticed that a rather handsome saddle that he had in stock had disappeared. He made immediate inquiry of his salesman, and one of them informed him that he had sold it to a gentleman who had come to the shop in his trap, that the purchaser had thrown it into his wagon and driven off, after telling him to charge it. Unfortunately, however, he had forgotten to ask the name of the purchaser, and all effort to identify him by description failed."

"Well," said the shopkeeper, who was an ingenious man, "there is only one thing left to be done. We will charge the saddle up on all our outstanding accounts. Those who did not buy the saddle will, of course, call our attention to our error, and the man who did take it will, of course, pay."

"This method was adopted, and at the beginning of the next month the bills were sent out accordingly. Two weeks later the saddler approached the cashier, and asked him if he had heard as yet about the matter. 'How about that missing saddle, Marcus?' he asked. 'We are doing very well, sir,' replied the cashier. 'Forty of our customers have paid for it, and only two have discovered the mistake.'—Washington Star.

Judging from the names of the winners, the Olympic games must have originally been written O'lympic.—New York American.

In 1885 New York had only twenty-eight millionaires; now it has over 2,000.

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wake up tired and unrested—

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You should see

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With this wonderful instrument anybody can play, and play with feeling and expression. Through the aid of music-roll and treads, though he may never have put finger to key-board, the non-player can play easily and well.

This piano is really TWO PIANOS IN ONE. It can be played by hand in the regular way.

We can take your present piano in part payment, and arrange to receive the balance in small sums monthly. Send for booklet.

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the most refined and artistic of all. A dainty fragrance so subtle it is difficult to trace its source.

Violette Kerkoff is of equal quality and has the natural scent of fresh violets.

Kerkoff's Sachet, Face Powder, Toilet Water and Toilet Soap come in either Djer-Kiss or Violette odors.

For sale everywhere  
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# SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

SIR REGINALD TALBOT, formerly Governor of Victoria, Australia, accompanied by Lady Talbot and Capt. Fife, A.D.C., is staying at the Queen's Hotel. During the week the party visited the Queen's Royal, at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mrs. W. Hamilton Merritt will return to her house on Bloor street this autumn after spending the summer in the Adirondacks.

Miss Louise Holmes, of Woodstock, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Husband, 121 Crescent Road.

The marriage of Miss Georgina Herrick Thorburn to Mr. John Woodburn Langmuir took place quietly on Monday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Thorburn in St. George street. Dr. James D. Thorburn gave away his sister, who was wearing a brown Rajah tailor-made and hat to match with brown wings. The Rev. Professor Ballantyne, of Knox College, performed the ceremony, immediately after which Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir left for a wedding trip to England and Scotland, and on their return will reside in Roxborough street west.

Mr. Edmund Bristol, M.P., has returned from a visit to the States.

Mrs. Bruce Riordan is going to Belleville next week to visit her son.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Stegmann, Chatham, Ontario, announce the engagement of their daughter, Rive, to Mr. H. K. Hopkirk, of the Bank of Montreal, Moncton, N.B. The marriage will take place early in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Bodrue, (formerly Miss Maud McMackin), have left by boat for Montreal and Quebec, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mr. E. Culverhouse, of Toronto, is away this week to Philadelphia, attending the Optometrical Convention.

Mrs. and Miss Elwood, who have been at the Queen's for the past two months, leave for Montreal and Quebec, sailing on the 29th for London.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Blakeley have returned from Parry Sound and will spend the next three weeks at the sea-side.

The marriage took place this week at St. John's, Quebec, of Miss Berthe Charland, daughter of the late Hon. Judge A. N. Charland, to Capt. Louis Leduc, of the Royal Canadian Regiment and district staff adjutant. Capt. Leduc is being wished much happiness by the many Toronto friends he made during the time he was stationed at Stanley Barracks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor, "The Elms," Perth, Ont., announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Helen Isabel, to Dr. Arthur B. Chandler, of Nanagan, Sask., son of the late Prof. Chandler, of McGill University. The marriage will take place early in September.

A branch of the Imperial Bank of Canada has been opened at Michel, B.C., under the management of Mr. T. B. Baker.

Another event of this week has been the entertainment of 2,000 visiting Knights Templars, who attended the Sovereign Grand Priory of Canada, which opened on Monday morning at the Alexandra Theatre. A large reception was held at the King Edward Hotel, and a luncheon was given at the Yacht Club, where the decorations, artistically arranged by Dunlop, were of smilax, asters, golden-glow and ribbons of the Templars' colors, and the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes were festooned on the wall about a device of flowers and foliage.

The School of the Sisters of the Church is removing from Beverley street to a large modern building with a beautiful garden, situated at the corner of Walmer road and Lowther avenue, where the school will re-open on Wednesday, Sept. 9.

Mr. James L. Hughes sailed for England by the Baltic last week to make arrangements for the visit of the Canadian teachers, which will take place in September.

Miss Millicent Henderson, who is spending the summer in England, is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Eveson, who was such a favorite in Toronto as Allerton Gosling.

Mrs. Conley (formerly Clare Geary) is staying over at the Queen's Royal with her pretty little son, whose big brown eyes and endearing ways, are causing quite a furore amongst the guests, who all vie with each other in trying to spoil him. Mrs. Conley is receiving a royal welcome from all her old Niagara friends, who are delighted to see her looking so well and happy. There is a rumor afloat in Niagara that another of her popular girls, a sparkling brunette, is about to be annexed by a gallant officer from across the river, where the pretty Canadians are always accorded a hearty reception by the commanding officer, Col. Belleau, and his charming daughters, who are always much sought after at the Queen's Royal hops. Two other Niagara belles, it is whispered, may announce their engagements before long and create great consternation in that peaceful town. Miss Viola Geddes, whose engagement was announced last week, will be married at St. Mark's, on the twenty-fourth of this month. The ceremony is to be very quiet, only the immediate families being present.

The venerable precincts of St. Matthew's church made a setting for an impressive ceremony on Wednesday, August 5, when Miss Kathleen Kirchhoff, only daughter of Senator and Mrs. Kirchhoff, and Mr. Edward Clarke Bowker were united in marriage. The church was decorated with white flowers, the altar and chancel steps being banked with palms, draped with smilax and evergreens, and crowned with white flowers, bows of white ribbon with white flowers marking the places reserved for the guests. At a quarter past one the organ pealed forth Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and Mr. Bowker, attended by Mr. Hugo Ross as best man, took his place at the chancel steps. The bridal procession, led by the choir singing

"The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden," came slowly up the aisle, followed by the bride, who looked very handsome in her bridal gown. She was escorted by her father and her maid of honor, Miss Sheila Sutherland, and five bridesmaids, Misses Marion McDonald, Edith Galt, Viva Kelly, Dorothea Cooper and Isabel Ryerson and lastly six ushers, Messrs. Harry Chown, Harold Trenholme, Lawrence Pentland, Allan Kreutziger and Leslie Galt. The service was choral and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. U. de Pencier and assisted by Rev. Mr. Radcliffe and Rev. Mr. Walker. During the signing of the register, "O Perfect Love" was rendered by the choir. The bridal party and guests then drove or motored to "Clareholme" the residence of the bride's parents, where a reception was held and the decorations were of sweet peas. The bride's gown was a creation of white Brussels net heavily embroidered in white, made Empire, with trimmings of pearls, the sleeves studded with pearls coming down well over the hand, the long court train falling in graceful folds from the shoulders. Her tulle veil was most becomingly draped and held in place on her pretty dark curls by a wreath of orange blossoms. She carried a white brocade prayer book, the gift of the Rev. Mr. de Pencier. The maid of honor and bridesmaids were gowned alike in white silk muslin Empire dresses. The skirts were trimmed with wide bands of Venetian lace. The bodices were also trimmed with Venetian lace, yokes and fronts in surplice effect. The becoming pink crin hats were trimmed with Corday frills to match the dresses and pink plumes; the large bouquets were of sweet peas. They wore gold brooches set with turquoise and pearls, the gift of the groom, who gave the ushers and the groomsmen turquoise tie pins. Mrs. Kirchhoff, who was a picture in a handsome pale grey crepe de chine with trimmings of lace, a lace coat, and most becoming pale grey tulle hat with grey plumes, received near the entrance to the lawn. A little further on stood the bride, and groom receiving the hearty congratulations of their friends. Hidden in one of the recesses on the lawn the city band played during the afternoon. On one corner of the lawn a marquee was erected over a buffet centered by a wedding cake banked with white flowers. Small tables set in shady spots on the lawn were provided for the use of the guests. A gay crowd of young people thronged about the bride in the marquee, where she cut the cake, after which she slipped away to don her travelling gown, a golden brown Rajah silk, trimmed with brown silk cord and fillet lace and long semi-fitting coat to match. A large brown hat with trimming of brown silk and pale yellow flowers completed a most becoming costume. A large crowd of young people went to the station to bid Mr. and Mrs. Bowker bon voyage amid showers of confetti and flowers on their honeymoon to Earncliffe Lodge, which was kindly lent to them by Mrs. Chas. Harriss, Ottawa, aunt of the bride. On their return they intend to reside at Edmonton, where Mr. Bowker is manager of the Dominion Bank. Many very handsome gifts were made to the bride, a few of them being from Lord and Lady Aberdeen, a green enameled shamrock brooch and Limerick lace scarf; Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, beautiful china vase; Hon. R. L. and Mrs. Borden, handsome brass jardiniere; Mrs. Chas. Harriss, Ottawa, complete set of dinner cutlery; Hon. R. and Mrs. Rogers, handsome present. The groom's gift to the bride was a horse and dog cart, and opal and emerald earrings; Sir William and Lady Mulock, a complete silver cutlery dinner service. Mrs. Geo. Merritt, Toronto, wore a handsome black and white lace gown with touches of mauve, with mauve hat with white plumes. Mrs. Sutherland, sister of the bride, looked very dainty in a pretty pale blue embroidered silk muslin, with hat to match.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Smith, Cowan avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Lillias Pearl, to Mr. Charles E. Anger, lecturer in Victoria College, formerly of Elora. The marriage will take place on September the eighth.

The marriage of Miss May-Urquhart, B.A., of Oakville, to Dr. Leslie Coleman, Ph.D., of Bangalore, India, will take place in Colombo, Ceylon, in October.

Mrs. C. G. Davis, of Burlington, gives a "bon voyage" reception Tuesday evening, August 18, for her niece, Miss May Urquhart, who sails August 22nd for England en route to India.

Mrs. F. D. Mack, of New York, spent a few days in town last week on her way to Temagami.

Miss Luella Taylor, of Parkdale, left last week on an extended trip through Temagami and the north.

Mr. Collier Stevenson is entertaining a small house party, chaperoned by his cousin, Mrs. Robert Stevenson, of Hamilton, on Wemyrneh Island, Bala Bay.

Miss Edith Seymour returned to town on Sunday, after an enjoyable visit to Mrs. Robert Stevenson at Wemyrneh Island, Bala Bay.

Dr. and Mrs. Farmer, 40 College street, have returned from a month's vacation at Naragansett Bay.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marjorie Louise, niece and adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Lucas, 451 Sackville street, Toronto, to Mr. Guy T. Bishop. The marriage is arranged to take place on September 1, 1908.

Mr. James Clapham Dale, of Madoc, announces the engagement of his second daughter, Miss Sue Thayer, to Mr. Norman Lee Lauchland, of Montreal. The wedding will take place in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel have returned from England and are at their cottage at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mrs. Cawthra and Miss Grace Cawthra are at Prospect Hotel, Harrowgate, accompanied by Miss Perkins. Miss Cawthra is having a most enjoyable summer, driving her motor car over the fine roads in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Forbes Geddes, of Niagara-on-the-Lake, announces the engagement of her second daughter, Gertrude Viola, to Mr. George Patterson, of Winnipeg, Deputy Attorney-General of Manitoba. The marriage is to take place the last week in August.

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A number of pleasing designs in Coats and Skirts can be seen at our showrooms, where quantities of material and other information will be given.

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Jellima Fluo-Cream, the famous English face-cream is Nature's way to Beauty because the Algae in NATURAL water with which it is made has a wonderful beautifying action on the skin. For chaps, freckles, sunburn, wrinkles and blemishes, this fragrant, foamy cream is supreme. Remember it is **Greaseless!** Per pot 40c. Leading chemists, or direct.

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Nothing equals the hair nature grown upon your head. We have for nearly a quarter of a century been in the hair business, and the finest hair goods we can supply you cannot take the place of your natural hair.

### WONDERFUL

are the things we can do to remedy the ill effects of thin hair and baldness, but no matter how well or how skillfully we do it, your own hair is best, if it is not too late to save it.

Scalp treatment properly given, massage, hair foods, and a general understanding enable us to help almost every case of poorly conditioned hair that comes to us. We will be glad to make an examination gratis and in private, and tell you what can be done.

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## SHEA'S THEATRE

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### WINONA WINTER

"The Little Cheer-up Girl."

Eddie Mack and Dot Williams

Singing and Dancing Specialty.

JAMES AND SADIE LEONARD

When Caesar's C's Her.

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Songs of the Old and New World.

GOLDSMITH HOPPE

Musical Comedians.

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New Pictures.

SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION

E. BLONDELL & CO.

In "The Lost Boy."

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Magazine, Toronto," will be received at this office until 4.00 P.M. on Monday, August 24, 1908, for the construction of a Magazine at Toronto.

Plans and specification can be seen and forms of tender obtained on application at this Department and at the office of Mr. Thos. Hastings, Clerk of Works, Toronto.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
R. C. DESROCHERS,  
Asst. Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, August 11, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

The sable monarch from sunny Africa was being shown over a great engineering place by the manager, who, in explaining the working of certain machinery, unfortunately got his coat-tails caught in it, and in a moment was being whirled round at so many hundred revolutions per minute.

Luckily for the manager, his garments were unequal to the strain of

more than a few revolutions, and he was hurled, dishevelled and dazed, at the feet of the royal visitor.

That exalted personage roared with laughter and said something to his interpreter.

"Sah," said that functionary to the manager, "His Majesty say he am berry pleased with de trick, an' will you please do it again?"



## What of To-Morrow?

Forecasts as to the Reorganization of the World.

REV. DR. W. BARRY, the famous critic, has an article of first-rate importance in the new issue of the Quarterly Review (Murray, 6s.). Under the title of "Forecasts of To-morrow," he discusses some recent Utopian literature, such as Mr. H. G. Wells' books, and also Dr. Petrie's "Janus in Modern Life," and "Varuna," by Hentschel, a German.

Here are Dr. Barry's conclusions, after an interesting analysis of these three writers:

"Can we draw any conclusion from this tournament of thinkers, each fighting for his own hand in the presence of an interested but not yet convinced public? All three have been moved by the same feeling; they hold civilization to be in danger, and it is not too much to assert that they fix on the same enemy—the 'wholesale' leveller, who calls himself a democrat. Dr. Petrie rises up against his laws and benevolences at other men's expense, especially those who can least bear the burden. Mr. Wells, flinging aside the egalitarian schemes of Marx, tempers his Socialism with private property on every scale; defines it as a 'repudiation of the severities of private ownership,' and regrets the anti-Christian violence which prevails among foreign, as it is fast invading British, upholders of the creed on which he has practised so pungent a criticism. Herr Hentschel opposes to such democracy as now reigns the idea of race, bluntly declaring the Teuton, with his kinsfolk, to be perpetual overlord of all other species.

"We might reckon Mr. Wells a cosmopolitan, were it not that his actual teaching refutes the account of this word hitherto accepted. For in his eyes what, after all, is Socialism? 'The collective mind of humanity,' he tells us, 'the soul and moral being of mankind.' But does not that mind sift out the nobler from the base, setting these to be ruled, and those to rule them? Sift by a process far more effective than ballot and caucus-mongering? Sift until the better seed are chosen, the worse doomed to disappear? And is there, in fact, any civilization worth cultivating except our own? The 'moral being of mankind' is to decide who shall live and who shall be eliminated. Will the soul of humanity speak ambiguous oracles? The choosers of the slain are ideals. Simply, then, let us ask whether any have been sighted superior to the Christian; and if so, what are they?

"Freedom, all three again would certainly limit; the millionaire, the loafer, the parasite, are not to be free. But, while Dr. Petrie gets quit of these excrescences by voluntary effort rather than by State intervention, Mr. Wells advocates government control and 'Varuna' would build up a Sparta within the walls of Midgard. Plutocracy or Socialism appears to be the alternative in 'New Worlds for Old,' which the next generation will have to face. Why not the Christian State, which would lay on property duties commensurate with opulence, and on anarchic freedom from the yoke of the Gospel? asks Dr. Barry. 'We need no longer, it seems, concern ourselves with Marx or Bebel. The conception of humanity has been rejected by the 'collective mind.' For that relief much thanks. Overlord of wealth and industry, or a Higher Feudalism, tempered by humane ideas—say, boldly, the Kingship of Christ—is not a new thought, but assuredly, were it accepted and acted upon, it would bring in a new world."

Here are some points in Dr. Barry's summary of the ideas in "Varuna," the German's book:

"While progressive peoples are thus wandering from home or shrinking in numbers, their place is taken by a less developed type. In New England the French Canadian supplants the Puritan; in Southern France the Italian enters; and the Pole is marching in his thousands towards the Rhine, or settling on the deserted feudal estates of Eastern Prussia. Jews in business, in agriculture and mining Slavs or coolies or Chinese are beating the German and the Englishman. To Mr. Wells, who can allow no vital difference between one race and another, this may seem to signify little; but to the public feeling (which is also a form of philosophy) it means that civilization is in danger.

"The stored-up excellence of our Aryan world—in simpler phrase, of Christendom—will hardly be in safe keeping when Semites and the 'heathen Chinee' have become its masters. Already signs of change, ominous enough, may be discerned. How far will it go? To the conquest or absorption of those leading clans which regenerated the Roman Empire, fought the Crusades, colonized

America, and have set up everywhere trophies of a genius without parallel? To the author of 'Varuna' that is the world problem. He believes that the British Empire must fall. Must the Teuton likewise succumb to the Slav? And the Western to the Asiatic? If so deadly a blow is struck at civilization, he declares that it will be dealt by the industrial system.

"*Contraria contrariis curantur*," Hentschel's treatment would be allopathic. So far he reminds us of Ruskin, holding as he does by an aristocracy founded on birth, detesting the town life, and being prepared to abolish returns on private capital. He puts aside Henry George's single tax, which would assimilate land to any other market ware. He is, of course, no Republican in the sense of equal votes and representative government. What he advocates might be described as the village and feudal system in a modern form. It is the 'German social idea.' Borrowing the Homestead law from America, he would take the land out of capitalist hazards, including mines, railways, and all permanent utilities. The market would be solely a means of exchanging manufactured or perishable goods. He advocates a sort of intelligent and benevolent feudalism."

### The New Books

PRAY read "The Basement," by all means; a prince of story-tellers Has written it, and I can say it's one of our best cellars; "The Almanac" is one that I can offer without fear, And I assure you that it is the story of the year; "The Broken Corset Steel" is new—just from the press to-day, They say it grips you like a vise—'tis something that will stay; And if you want a thing that lasts—that will not let you slumber, Here's something I can recommend—'tis called "The Green Cucumber."

"The Newlaid Egg" they say is good—and in a certain set It has tremendous vogue—I have not opened it as yet; "Days Twenty-One" is good for one who love and letters seeks, (The book reviewers say it's quite the equal of "Three Weeks.") "The Batsman" is having quite a run—made a tremendous hit; "The Peach" is good—they say it is far better than "The Pit"; They're pushing "The Lawnmower" now—it's going very well, And as for "Full Rigged Pirate Ships," they say the sails still swell.

"The Germ" still holds its own—"gets in the blood," the critics say; "The Beaten Egg" 's a stirring tale—you can't put it away; "The Coalman's Ton" is very short—indeed so short and light You'll find that you can finish it with ease, say overnight; "The Switch" is helpful and much liked, and I have heard it said That many do not lay it by until they go to bed; "The Sea Dog" is a waggish thing—the true sea lover's friend—And like all dogs it has a bark and tale at either end!

—Evening Sun.

### Applied Astronomy

HE took me out to see the stars, That astronomic bore; He said there were two moons near Mars, While Jupiter had four.

I thought of course he'd whisper soon What fourfold bliss 'twould be, To stroll beneath that fourfold moon On Jupiter with me.

And when he spoke of Saturn's ring I was convinced he'd say That was the very kind of thing To offer me some day.

But in a tangent off he went To double stars. Now that Was most suggestive, so content, And quite absorbed I sat.

But, no, he talked a dreary mess, Of which the only fraction That caught my fancy, I confess, Was "mutual attraction."

I said I thought it very queer And stupid altogether, For stars to keep so very near, And yet not come together.

At that he smiled, and turned his head; I thought he'd caught the notion. He merely bowed good-night, and said, Their safety lies in motion.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Jones—They say that Grabbitz is the architect of his own fortunes. Brown—I wonder how on earth he ever got the building permit.

## A Few Maxims

Although Intended for the Use of Engineers, They May Help Other Professional Men

SOME amusing maxims in engineering are contributed to the current issue of the Canadian Engineer by a Toronto correspondent who signs himself "Cynicus." The point in a few of them may be somewhat lost on the average reader, but on the whole they prove entertaining and instructive:

To the engineer who makes a mystery of engineering; engineering is a mystery.

When you send a man out in the morning to stand by a picket, try and remember before night that he is there.

To be afraid of criticism, is to know there is something to fear.

Diplomacy is the art of telling a lie, when you might as well tell the truth.

Before giving advice, find out the kind of advice you are being paid to give.

Controllers and aldermen are inspired engineers, not merely trained.

When an alderman addresses an engineer he should commence, "Although not exactly an engineer myself." This means that his knowledge is of a broad, unwarped character.

When a mayor receives a suggestion from an engineer, he should say, "Of course you are quite right; but, I have the whole mass of citizens to consider." This is non-committal.

The training of a city engineer should consist of, "a study of aldermen."

When clients are scarce, take in premium pupils.

When out of employment, talk about the posts you are busy refusing.

When out of employment, don't talk about the important post you once held, people wonder why you left.

While standing on your professional dignity, endeavor to keep your balance.

Don't be friendly with the contractor in public.

If a chief engineer does not understand his work, he can get a good man at \$25 a week to do it for him.

A chief engineer should not do work himself, he might be blamed for it.

Don't give an assistant orders in writing, the fool might carry them out.

An assistant should remember he is more able than his chief.

An assistant has had a university training, the chief probably only built universities.

If a contractor says, "How shall I do this?" reply, "Now my good man, you know exactly how to do it. Suppose you were in my position what would you naturally advise?" Then say, "Any man with common sense would do exactly as you say." This inspires mutual confidence.

When a contractor says, "I have never had a wrong word with an engineer," it is his first contract.

When a contractor says, "My work never requires testing," take him at his word and have it redone properly.

The fundamental basis of engineering is "I guess!"

### THE AUGUST MOON

EXCEPTIONALLY BRILLIANT THIS YEAR.

Old Probs promises us an exceptionally fine atmospheric condition for a splendid August moon, and no doubt many picnics and boating parties will be arranged to take advantage of this beautiful season. However brilliant the moonlight may seem added enjoyment to parties will be given by those responsible for the catering, ordering an ample supply of that brilliant Canadian water, Radnor, which has deservedly won royal appreciation and favor in the company controlling the Radnor Springs, being appointed by special warrant purveyors to His Majesty King Edward VII.

### A WEEK-END OUTING

can be had at moderate cost if you take advantage of the reduced rates offered by the Grand Trunk Railway System for Saturday to Monday trips. Return tickets will be issued at single fare, with ten cents added, to many points in Ontario, including Muskoka, Lake of Bays, and several other tourist resorts, good going any Saturday or Sunday, valid returning Monday following date of issue. For tickets and full information call at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

## Keeps Hot Drinks Boiling Hot

## Keeps Cold Drinks Ice Cold

Summer or Winter—it's all the same—what goes into a Thermos Bottle *hot* comes out *hot* 24 hours later—what goes in *cold* comes out *cold* 72 hours later.

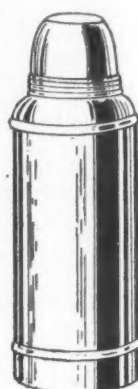
## The Thermos Bottle

is wonderful—useful—but absolutely simple. It's double—one glass bottle inside a larger one—and between them there's a vacuum through which neither heat nor cold can pass. That's why you can fill the Thermos Bottle with either hot or cold liquid and know that it will stay hot or cold.

**Motoring** Take Thermos Bottles filled with any liquids you want at any temperature you like, and no matter where you go or what happens you have refreshments at hand. There's a Thermos Bottle Basket for six bottles made for automobiles. Also a leather auto case for two bottles.

**Outings** When picnicking, yachting, hunting, canoeing—on any kind of trip—you can have hot drinks or cold drinks always ready if you put them into Thermos Bottles before you start.

**Traveling** No more vain longing for a refreshing drink on tedious railroad journeys. Simply put into your grip one or two Thermos Bottles filled with hot or cold liquids of any kind.



**Luncheon** At the office, the shop, anywhere, the Thermos Bottle will provide you with hot coffee or cold milk for luncheon, making the noon-day meal more enjoyable, refreshing and invigorating.

**Sick Room** The Thermos Bottle will keep medicines and nourishment at the right temperature. By doing away with the germ-collecting open pitcher the Thermos Bottle prevents infection. Saves steps for nurses—a boon for invalids who are left alone.

**For Baby** The Thermos Bottle keeps baby's milk warm and sweet day or night, making it easy for mothers and nurses. Filled, cleaned and emptied same as any ordinary bottle.

Thermos Bottles are sold at the leading department stores, hardware stores, drug stores, jewelry stores, leather goods stores, automobile supply stores—everywhere. Pint and quart sizes. Prices from \$3.50 up. Send for free booklet.

CANADIAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO., LTD., Montreal

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By Royal Warrant To His Majesty The King.

# Lea & Perrins' Sauce

The Original & Genuine Worcestershire.

ESTD 1837  
Sole Canadian Agents

### Pity the Persecuted

IT is to be hoped that the elusive generality, "tariff reform," which glitters on the political horizon, will crystallize during the next administration into some measure of relief for the unhappy citizens of the United States who are compelled to run the gauntlet of the New York Custom House. It would be a pleasant thing for the home-coming American to dilate with some fairer emotion than anxiety and wrath. He would enjoy being received as a man and a brother, instead of as a suspected criminal. He would like to breathe ecstatically:

"This is my own my native land!" without the prescriptive addition:

"And may its Custom House be damned!"

It is naturally distasteful to him to be asked to swear to things he can ill remember, and then find himself treated as a perjurer. It wounds his sensibilities to see his welcoming friends roped off from him on the docks, as though they were accessory to his crime. The whole disagreeable

farce in which he figures makes him feel like a thief and a fool; and he cannot even laugh at its absurdity, because he is the victim of the joke.

Of course the hundred dollar limit is exceeded. Of course the law is broken. Preposterous laws have always been broken, since the beginning of recorded history. There is a kind of nagging, belittling legislation which awakens in every human heart a reasonable spirit of revolt. To ask a woman who has been in Europe eighteen months if she has spent more than a hundred dollars is pure idiocy. To expect her to remember by how many handkerchiefs and by how many pairs of stockings she has exceeded that lordly sum, is, to say the least, unworthy of a government whose revenues dazzle the world. To put such a question in the form of an oath is an outrage; and to refuse to abide by the oath, when uttered, is an insult. The whole paltry business reminds us irresistibly of the searching inquiries as to how many pieces of bread we have eaten in a German restaurant. An American is apt to eat

her bread without counting the slices, and to buy her stockings without reckoning the cost.—Agnes Repplier, in Life.

Miss Reta Moore (Hamilton), is at the Royal, also Mrs. John G. Beatty of Parry Sound and her daughter, Miss Sewell. Mr. Beatty was up for the week-end. The Muskoka Lakes Association gave a luncheon of thirty covers at the Royal Muskoka on Monday. Mrs. E. S. Glasco has quite recovered from her recent attack of bronchitis and is looking as pretty as ever. Mr. Glasco left for Winnipeg this week and expects to be in the West for some time.

Miss Von Hugel and Miss Helen Von Hugel are at Mrs. Duckworth's, in St. George street, for some time.

The Misses Bertha and Beatrice Tamblin, Bowmanville, and Dr. E. L. Gausby, Toronto, have joined a party at Wabi-Kon Camp, Lake Temagami, Ont.





SINCE the rules of golf have been amended it will interest many players to know just what effect the chief changes will have on the game, although as a matter of fact the experience of many a player in Canada is that what we most need is not amended rules so much as some system for drilling the basic laws of golf into the minds of the swarm of novices who every year begin the game. It might be well if at each club a written examination were held to test a man's qualification to play the real game in spirit and in truth instead of some local imitation of it which he considers just as good. Or another plan might be to have a good exponent of the game deliver a club lecture—attendance of all members being compulsory—on the rules of golf and violations of them that are frequently seen from the club verandahs.

However, in the new rules one of the most important improvements is the equalizing of the penalties for out-of-bounds and lost ball. Hitherto for a ball driven off the course, the penalty was only distance. For a thoroughly bad stroke the punishment was totally inadequate. The penalty is now stroke and distance, which is the same as that for losing ball on the course. When the ball is driven from the tee, the player is allowed to place, but, when it has been driven out of bounds from the fairway he must drop the ball at the place where it was played.

Under the existing code, when a ball splits into two or more pieces, a new ball is dropped where the larger piece lies. The new rule will permit the player to drop a ball at any piece he chooses. He will thus have a choice of lies, instead of being confined to one course of action. By having to follow the big fragment a bad lie is frequently entailed. It is obvious that the rule does not contemplate the imposition of any disadvantage upon the player whose ball unfortunately collapses.

There are many regulations for

casual water, but the one of most interest to golfers is that which deals with the putting green. Hitherto when a ball got into a pool of water on the putting surface, the player had to drop behind the hazard. Under the new dispensation he will be permitted to drop at either end of the pool, within a club length of the water. This will be a decided advantage when the pool is short, but it will mean a long putt when the water extends about the length of the green, as sometimes happens on inland courses. Probably the man who finds his ball one inch behind the water will feel aggrieved, but he must console himself with the reflection that in the course of a full round the amount of ill-luck is about evenly divided on an average. Many a good drive gets a bad lie, while many an indifferent approach shot escapes the punishment that is its due.

In the future the man who wins a hole shall take the honor at the next tee. This has always been the custom, but some hairsplitters have contended that under the present rule the player who won the hole could ask his opponent to play first. Indicating the line of play by placing a club or bag on the ground or against a wall will not be allowed, nor will any person be permitted to stand in the line while the shot is being played. Abortions in the way of clubs are strictly tabooed. The traditional and accepted form is "a plain shaft and a head which contains no mechanical contrivances, such as springs."

There are some useful additions to the etiquette of the game, such as, "on the putting green no one should stand beyond the hole in the line of a player's stroke," and "players looking for a lost ball should allow other matches coming up to pass them; they should signal to the players following them to pass, and having given such signal should not continue their play until these players have passed and are out of reach." This rule is a good one. It is the custom on every links I have played

on in Canada for two players who are seeking a lost ball to wave to the pair following them to come along, but no sooner have they driven and walked toward the "hunters" than the ball is found, whereupon they joyously play on, regardless of the fact that the game of the other pair is greatly injured and through no fault or misfortune of their own. It is to be hoped that the rule will be widely observed that when a ball has been lost the players following shall be entitled to go through—not half way, but all the way through, and not only on match days, but on all days. It is never possible for one pair to know that the game another pair is playing is one of no importance. It may possess extraordinary private importance.

Another point emphasized in the new rules is that a single player has no standing whatever, the loose practice prevails among single players of taking it for granted that being alone he can go faster than pairs and should be allowed to rush ahead.



JAS. G. BURNS WILFRID C. JAMES  
TWO JUNIOR GOLFERS AT LAMBTON.

The one on the left is a son of Rev. R. N. Burns, of Brampton, and the other a son of Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario.

It should be wholly discouraged. However, I see in Scottish Field a very just criticism of the new rules in one respect, for the provision is made that in medal play a single player having no partner may be allotted one by the committee or supplied with an official scorer to accompany him. Although under a very special case, yet this gives recognition to the lone player and is sure to lead to trouble. A lone player with no partner to bother him, and an official gallery tagging along, might put up a star game—and men might scheme to get the chance.

TOM LONGBOAT has returned to Toronto, and, far from quitting the game, has announced that he is going after all the big races this fall. He is especially anxious to win the Ward Marathon, as a win this year gives him permanent possession of the trophy, he having won it the last two years. Tom feels his defeat in England keenly, attributes his breakdown to the heat, *à la* the others, and his own fixed idea now is to show the public that he has not gone back.

SUPPOSING we abandoned the Olympic Games? That suggestion is made and it is not wholly inept (says St. James's Budget). Their "international" effect is woefully unsatisfactory, as may be seen in the agreeable comments of the world's Press. They have not been quite a triumph here

in England. They have been mismanaged. They have been ridiculous. They have had their moments of sheer horror. Yet we are sure—honestly sure—that nowhere else can they be arranged more fairly or more efficiently. Perhaps they had better go before internationalism in sport is quite discredited save as a cause of discord.

THE literary lights of earlier days in knocking the advancement of athletics put forth as one of their arguments that the athletes were injuring themselves physically by constant training, had lost the healthful bloom from their cheeks (blooming cheek—such rot!), and advocated the abolition of the games as a detriment to the well-being of the State.

If a whole season of constant training and competition in this land and competition in the old land, that would just about put the ancient athletes under the sink, has a tendency to make one look as unhealthy as Bobby Kerr did when we saw him on Monday, you can put us down as a candidate for the sprints at the next Olympic games. Boost your favorite sanatorium, but if Bobby Kerr ever starts a system of recuperation that will impart a healthy look like his to a tired countenance we will be under his care, all right, all right.

But, honestly, the boy did look fine. The picture of health (as the patent medicine ads put it), and then some. The flush of victory may have been in some way responsible for it, but Bobby looked stalwart enough to tackle a Marathon race.

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The parson—I intend to pray that you may forgive Casey for throwing that brick at you. The patient—Mebbe yer riv'ence 'ud be saving toime if ye'd just wait till Oi get well and then pray for Casey.

"Remember, a book play needs booming. I'm getting some of the best citizens to say a good word for our production." "Bah! You'll never make a press agent. What you want to do is to get 'em to denounce it."

Winnipeg girl: "Yes, when my father first came West he could have bought this whole street for a mere song."

Man from Toronto: "Why didn't he?"

Winnipeg girl: "Father never had any ear for music."—Calgary Herald.

"Let me kiss those tears away," he begged, tenderly. She fell forward, and he was busy for the next fifteen minutes. And yet the tears flowed on. "Can nothing stop them?" she asked, breathlessly sad. "Nope," she murmured; "it's hay fever, you know. But go on with the treatment."—Cleveland Leader.

The little child of the tenements was enjoying her first visit to the country and was enthusiastic in her admiration of the farmyard. "Just look at the chickens!" she exclaimed in ecstasy. "They're all running around raw!"—Exchange.

"Can anyone suggest a good opening for a small boarding house near London?"—The Queen. Why not try a door? Much better than any of these fancy coal-shoots.—Punch.

He—If a girl declines an offer of marriage and becomes a spinster, she is apt to regret it. She—Yes; and if she marries she is apt to regret it—so what can a poor girl do?

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## PRIVATE BELL, SIGNALLER

By O. CROW

M. BRIGADE—the advance guard of the H. Valley Field Force—was camped near the entrance of the pass. Captain Fisher, with a handful of the Q Lancers, had detached at daybreak to feel his way up the pass till he came on something strong enough to send him back—and Fisher, being fairly wise in such picnics, had chosen a good point on which to perch a signalling squad to keep up communication with camp.

It was now afternoon. "Answered," called No. 2 of the signalling squad, his eye still on the glass.

"That's the lot, then. May as well roll up and git," said Corporal Stubbins. "Don't want us up here any more, an' it'll take us half an hour shinning down. Hold on, though; don't take her down. Whip the helio round and let 'em know at camp scouts took it all right."

Private Bell turned the helio and sighed for camp. "Dash it! sun's clouded," reported Private Bell. "Can't make it, corporal. Try the large flags?"

"Flags be dashed! She'll be out again in a minute. You stop and make it. Holden and I'll start on down with the flags and gear. Trust you to do that much." The sneer told on Bell. The corporal and Holden, with flags, water-bottles, and other light camp gear, began their climb down the rocky, precipitous hillside to the valley below, leaving Bell alone with the heliograph to make the final message to camp from Fisher's scouts—when the sun should come out. It was questionable rather if the senior of the squad should have left a junior behind him to do this—especially such a tyro as Bell. He was new, only regimentally trained, and therefore a fair mark for the sneers of the corporal, trained at the "Signalling School."

Bell waited impatiently for the sun, glanced back up the long, almost gorge-like valley whence the scouts of the Q Lancers had just been recalled by the signal they had passed on from the Brigade Camp. The clear pinpoint light of the scout's helio had answered, and as they were doubtless already on their return, no more flashing was to be expected from that direction.

Fisher had shown a good scouting eye for country in his choice of a signaller's perch. Private Bell was left by his party on the rugged top of a high, rocky promontory, that jutted out into the valley where there was a slight bend in its course. He had a clear, extended view to front and rear, and also some way up a long, narrow gorge that opened like a cleft into the hills on the opposite side of the valley. Behind him a narrow, razor-back ledge, with a straight drop on either side, joined his perch to the main range that towered above him in steep spurs and black, frowning cliff. The main pass and the gorge opposite formed a capital Y, and his post was at the junction of the three strokes.

Private Bell was certainly not brilliant, but he was a "tryer," which should have spared him that parting sneer from the corporal. It rankled.

It seems to be the generally assumed theory that the sun stands still, and that the clouds, ever changeable, chase one another across the sky. A heliographer, however, knows better. He could not tell you how aggravatingly steadfast are the clouds when you want to flash an important message.

A long, narrow strip of cloud in the most exasperating fashion began a slow passage longways over the sun, then the cloud-bank grew wider and wedge-shaped, and the shadows covered all the brown hills and everything far up and down the valley. But for Corporal Stubbins' sneer he would have taken the helio off its tripod, put it in its case, and followed.

"Sure to say it's my dashed fault if I don't get it through!"

The tents, eight miles off, could be clearly seen gleaming in sunlight, and now and again windows in the clouds gave some hope, but the sun would not look through them. "Ten minutes?" More than half an hour, and still "she" was veiled.

The helio was just on the point of being dismantled when a something far up the opposite gorge caught his eye, and he levelled his glass at it.

"A native—another—three—a dozen! Where the dickens did they all spring from?"

And now, as if by magic, a force of 700 or 800 strong appeared, winding to the junction. At the junction they would certainly cut off Captain Fisher's small scouting party, a weak half-section; and this was undoubtedly their little game. This was indeed a message to send through; but

that treacherous sun! In the curious way in which the clouds seem to breed clouds, the sky just then became overcast almost down to the hilltops.

One disadvantage of a good signalling situation is that it can be seen as well as see. The sharp-eyed tribesmen had doubtless made him out, and their leaders were only a short mile away. There were many points in the situation in which Bell, full private, found himself, and, although, in Corporal Stubbins' opinion, he was dull, they all presented themselves to him in due time.

First, although it was a very ticklish place for Private Bell, there was still time for him to get away in safety; secondly, it was a very ugly look-out for the returning scouting party, and they must fall into the trap unless warned, which was impossible, as they were out of sight; thirdly, if he could only get a message through to the main camp down the valley, by hard riding help could get up in time to save Fisher and his scouts; fourthly, the sun might not come out again; and lastly, even if it did come out, unless it came out "pretty slipper," Private Bell would be "stalked" on top. Stubbins and Holden had long since reached the bottom, and would already be riding back, probably expecting Bell to join them every minute.

All passed—not too quickly—through Private Bell's methodical brain. Still no sun. Surely some Afghan Joshua had made it stand behind that cloud-bank. A light rustle of leaves and sighing in a wind-crippled pine behind him gave him hope.

"Oh, for a gust!"

"Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny," he hummed, but his heart thumped. "There's a lot dependin' on the duffer of the squad this 'ere afternoon." And then he thought what a score against Stubbins if he got a signal through, and how Stubbins would drop in for it if he didn't get a signal through. He stood behind the pine-trunk to hide—a useless precaution, for he had been seen all day.

If no sun came and he waited much longer Private Bell would be "expended" without adequate return, for the expenditure of one private, and this consideration, although a small one on paper, was beginning to weigh with Private Bell when a great band of light appeared along the opposite hilltops, across the gorge opposite, and moved slowly—"oh, so perishin' slow!"

There were gaps of blue spreading again. There was still time to flash through to camp and save himself. It shone down into the gorge, where only a few of the long stream of brown figures could now be seen; the others had disappeared behind rocks or under the ravine bank, ready for a dash out on Fisher as he crossed at the junction. Patches of light kept flying across the hilltops, the sky was breaking again.

Suddenly he saw eight or ten tribesmen dash out of the gorge, cross the watercourse, and make for his side of the valley at a run. Then Bell wavered; he was a young soldier and alone. In his own words, he "sweated free" for a few seconds. But he made the big resolve: "Bell was done for, but he'd save Fisher's party. It's one private agin a 'arf-section. Which'll fetch across to me first, that blooming sun or those murdering Afghans?"

Few have watched a more exciting race than that which the dull, much-abused tyro signaller looked on. Would the band of light creeping across the valley overtake and pass the tribesmen? Already the edge of the cloud-bank was silvering. The band of sunlight was following the dozen figures across in their race in death messengers making across to by some evil magic, known only to the English and Shaitan, he would give their prey warning.

"Yes, he must be knocked on the head." Yes, he "sweated free" watching the light band and those black, death messengers making across for him. "Dead heat!" both reached the foot of the steep climb together.

"She'll lick you now, sonnies. She'll travel uphill faster than you can," and as the tribesmen disappeared under the swell of the hill, "she" came out with a steady blaze. He screwed the sun-spot on to the sighting-vane; there was a pardonable shake as he dot, dot, dot, dotted and flashed the preparative. "Will they never answer?" Dot, dot, dot. . . . No answer—"and they're racing up to me like monkeys. . . . A ball into you, you blind 'ounds in camp station! For the love of —"

Back came the answering flash. Then he saw the white tents darken,

and, "Cursed luck!" the camp was in shadow. But they had seen, and "Enemy—scouts cut off. Enemy—scouts cut off. Enemy—scouts cut off. Enemy strong, enemy strong," with slow and desperate deliberation. A glance for a second down the ridge showed several of the leading figures mounting over a swell in the rise; they were more than two-thirds up the ridge. How those wretches can climb!

He offered a good skyline mark, but he did not know he was to be taken without shooting; firing might alarm their prey up the pass. Again the tents whitened and he got the maddening "Repeat!"

"Repeat! You blind wretches! wish you were here to repeat!" and this time: "Scouts cut off—enemy strong—send help." Yes, it was taken; and now for Bell. A glance down the ridge—they were close.

The old pine trunk was a lovely rest and shield, and he stopped two of the leaders; the others dashed up, made it rabbit-shooting for Private Bell. His eye was hazy from the glare of the helio, but he snapped at them as fast as ever Martini could be loaded. There was a short halt of the half-dozen sweating figures under cover of a rock for a last rush up the last one hundred yards, almost a perpendicular climb, and then they scattered. He had them at splendid advantage, and one was rolled over, and one sank down on his tracks, then rolling down the steep side till stopped by a bush.

A rustle behind him, and he turned in the nick of time. A tribesman dashed at him with a sword. Bell was unloaded; he dodged and missed the cut, smashed at him with the butt, but lost grip of his rifle. The Afghan clutched at it to save himself, and the force of his rush took him past Bell and over the edge with the rifle in his hand.

He snatched up his heliograph. A signaller at bay with a helio is a fairly able person. He was fresh, and they were blown with their climb, and without firearms. Two came over the edge. The helio flashed in the sun as it swung round.

"Dot, dash for you, you dog!" and there was a light crash of breaking glass as he flailed it edgewise into a face and dropped his man. The second man's heart failed him, and he dipped down again.

The first rush was foiled. Those below—there could have been but three or four—paused to consider. Bell did not, but sprang down the opposite side, scrambling and sliding to the narrow next between his old perch and the main range, a narrow saddle-back with precipitous sides.

To where? He never considered, but crossing along it he thought it a bad place to follow, and if he could clamber the opposite side and get a fair ledge and stones, "he'd take some collaring." At least his rear was safe with that cliff face behind him. He got to a fair ledge and waited. But Bell had won.

The second rush never took place. The council of war of the survivors waited, and then one crawled stealthily to the top and looked over, but the "infidel" had disappeared—at any rate, they had displaced him. He could not now give warning to the other infidels, and they left.

Corporal Stubbins and Private Holden were half-way to camp when, at a turn in the track, they saw coming towards them at a race-pace a wing of the Q and a native squadron or two. They were on them in an instant.

"Hallo! What's the game?" they asked, drawing to one side out of their way.

"Scouts cut off! and signalled for help!" "Fisher's in a mess! Flashed for 'elp," called in jerking sentences, as they cantered past.

"There, what'd I tell you?" said Corporal Stubbins, with disgust. "That dashed pig Bell's been and messed just that one simple message; a fine mess he's made of it! Got a mind to ride after 'em and tell 'em so. I'm the one'll get blamed for it, too!" It was well for Corporal Stubbins he did not follow up his intention. The C.O. would not, of course, have returned till he carried out his orders of seeing Fisher back to camp, and Corporal Stubbins' "mess" would have been a certainty.

By Bell's firing, echoing far away up the valley, Fisher's suspicions were aroused. Fortunately the relieving force came to the gorge crossing first, and they made small work of breaking the ambushade and sending them packing up the glen, a little matter which was accomplished only a short ten minutes before they were joined by Captain Fisher and his handful of scouts, in hot haste, "to be in it."

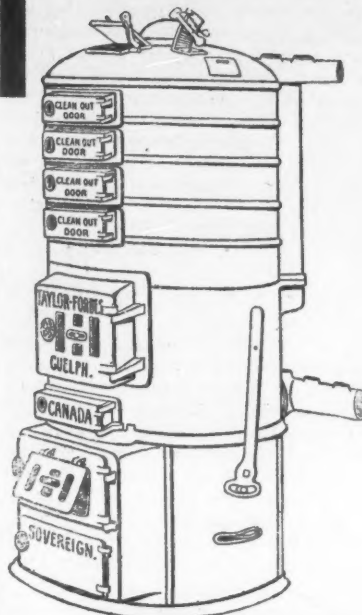
Parched with thirst, his teeth chattering with cold, Bell stood on his rocky platform, still clutching his battered heliograph, and what his

(Continued on Page 20.)

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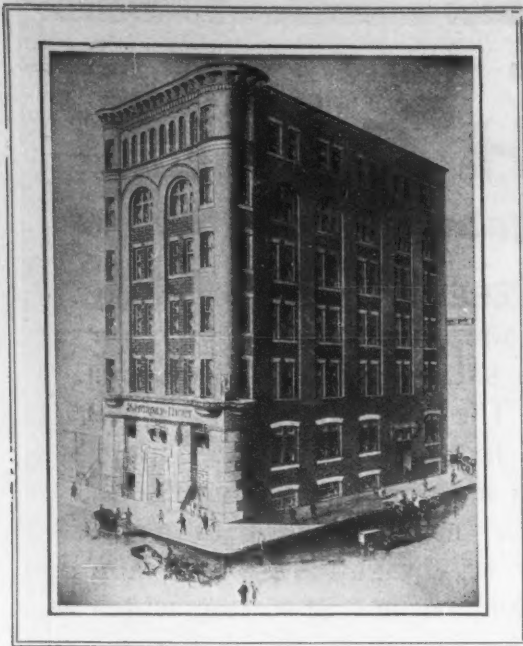


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## !? POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE ?!

### A CLERICAL CRITICISM.

A TORONTO man who was a Methodist in good standing visited England this summer, where he was entertained for several days by a London minister of that denomination.

"One thing that surprised me," said the Toronto man on his return, "was the fact that the wine always appeared at dinner and ale at luncheon. I don't know a Methodist minister in this country who would have such refreshment at his table."

"Times have changed," said an older Torontonian, also a member of the Methodist church. "I remember my father telling of an English official of our church who visited Toronto in the sixties. He was well entertained here and it was said that Dr. Egerton Ryerson offered him one evening a glass of port wine, which was supposed to be a choice vintage, but a heterodox beverage even then. The English visitor carefully tasted the wine, set the glass down, and on being pressed for an opinion, said, benevolently: 'Pleasant—pleasant—but thin.'"

### THE PRINCE PROMPTLY REPLIED.

AMONG the guests at the Chateau Frontenac 'Tenary' at Quebec, was a Mrs. Clinton, of New York City, who made many friends there. She laughingly asked one Toronto woman to guess her age. The latter said she "looked to be over forty."

"I am 62, and I am learning Russian, because I am president of a New York charitable organization, and much of my work lies on the East Side," she said.

Then someone noticed a peculiar gold bangle she wore. Mrs. Clinton allowed those about to examine it. It turned out to be a chain composed of golden links, each of which was made in the form of a Prince of Wales' feather, and as a pendant the Royal Arms, in gold and jewels, hung from it.

"When the King of England, then Prince of Wales, visited this country, he was entertained by my uncle, Mr. Clinton, at his home on the Hudson, and after the Prince left he sent me this beautiful token," said Mrs. Clinton. She then went to the writing-room and wrote a note, directed to the Prince of Wales, making herself known.

"I cannot, of course, ask you to come and see me, so I write to say that I should like to come and see you," was the tenor of her note.

Next morning almost the same group was fluttered when a finely attired lackey stopped in front of them and accosted Mrs. Clinton. He bore for her a cordial invitation to take tea at 5.30 with His Royal Highness, and Mrs. Clinton said afterwards that the Prince had heard King Edward speak of her uncle and the family.

### THE MOTORISTS AND THE CONSTABLES.

THE automobile problem is one that is still of vital interest to the farmer, although every summer it is observable that the farmer's horse is getting more accustomed to what used to be known as the "devil wagon," and in another year or two in the countryside adjacent to the cities a rural horse who is frightened of motor cars will be as rare as an urban horse who is alarmed at trolley cars.

In the Niagara peninsula, as in the Essex peninsula, the motorist from the United States is largely in the majority, and a certain percentage of them think it a smart thing to defy the laws of His Majesty the King as enacted by his Legislature of the Province of Ontario. The county constables of Beamsville and Grimsby, however, early in the summer struck a scheme which has worked wonders in a disciplinary way. The constable at Beamsville maintains long distance telephone communication with the constable at Grimsby. When an automobile passes through which seems to be exceeding the legal limit of ten miles in towns and fifteen miles in villages, the constable at Beamsville takes note of the number, the hour and the minute and 'phones at once to Grimsby.

If the car in question arrives at the latter place so soon that the speed limit must have been exceeded a *prima facie* case is made out and the offending motorist is haled before the magistrate. The result is that as the summer wanes a motor car running at too high a speed is an exceedingly rare spectacle.

The other day an American motorist fooled the authorities at Beamsville. No one is permitted to operate a machine on Ontario roads without a government license, which is issued at Niagara Falls. This motorist got away without it somehow or other at several points, but was caught running through Beamsville without a number on his car. He was arrested and made an appeal to the magistrate, saying that he had done his best to secure a license and had failed. The magistrate sympathized and the motorist promised to secure a license at the address given in Niagara Falls. A 'phone message was sent to that point and Chief Mains had men on the bridges from early afternoon until 9 p.m. watching for the gentleman to see that he complied with the law. Then the constables went home to supper.

The American had crossed at Lewiston and gone on his way rejoicing.

### A SHOCKED CITIZEN COMPLAINS.

THE good people who summer at Niagara-on-the-Lake are up in arms with indignation over an anonymous person who signs himself "Morality" and who has been writing to the newspapers of the Niagara peninsula denouncing the fact that on Sunday evenings the guests of the leading hotel, and such townsfolk as drop in, are permitted to listen to the strains of an orchestra. They had almost forgotten that such types existed and exist in rural districts in considerable numbers. The person in question has indeed made a public appeal to the county police to have this outrage on the morals of the community stopped.

The argument of "Morality," whose identity, is not revealed, is so original that it deserves to live forever through the aid of these columns. He does not rely on the old theological argument that music and musicians began with Jubal, who was of the Cain branch of the stock of Adam, the branch that represented the evil and earthly things, in contrast to the seed of Abel, which passed along the spiritual message. This Biblical theory passed current with many an old Calvinist, but "Morality" does not advance it.

He discovered by personal investigation, or by some other means, that one of the compositions played was entitled "Nell Gwynne" and looked up the history of the lady only to discover that she was one of the most frankly indiscreet persons whose name has figured in history. Hence, he advances the theory that any music written around her name must be tainted, and hence it is undermining the morals of the summer community for the composition to be played, and the county police should interfere. He even intimates that perhaps some day the summer sojourner will debauch the community by dancing on Sunday evening, which God fend.

Perhaps "Morality" is merely a joker, but at Niagara-on-the-Lake he is taken quite seriously.

### IT WOULD HAVE MADE ANYBODY MAD.

THE story of how a well known druggist in Toronto had his telephone arbitrarily removed by the company is an incident in local history that has not yet been put in print. The druggist is very bald, and thereby hangs the tale.

A practical joker called him up one day and asked if he kept any hair restorer.

"Certainly," said the man of drugs. "Got some fine stuff here."

"But are you sure it will really make the hair grow?"

"Of course it will. Never known to fail."

"Then," pursued the questioner, "in heaven's name why don't you put some on your own bald pate?"

This was too much for flesh and blood to stand. The druggist used language that shocked the sensitive ears of Central. The line was reported and the phone removed. It has never been replaced.

### THE REPORTER'S HANDWRITING.

THE items, that a careful reporter writes, do not always appear in print as they should. A scribe has many trials of which the reader knows little. On a western paper a young man, who was covering police court, had to record the fact that a whole regiment of drunks were up before the magistrate one morning after a holiday. Being told that he must not use the same word too often he sought to vary his report of the proceedings as much as possible by all the synonyms he could think of. Accordingly he said that one of the offenders was fined \$2 and costs for being intoxicated and that the next was taxed \$5 and costs for worshipping too long at the Bacchanalian shrine. A third prisoner was dismissed as he partook of the cup lightly and had not created any disturbance. A fourth, for imbibing too freely "of the juice

of the corn," was assessed \$5 or 10 days in gaol. What was the chagrin of the scribe as he read in the police court news that for imbibing too freely "of the juice of the corn,"—was assessed \$5 or 10 days in gaol.

On another occasion this young man, who wrote a very illegible hand, passed some of his copy to the city editor and the latter was not able to decipher a word. Studying the hieroglyphics for some time he tore off a corner of a page and handed it to another member of the staff with the remark, "Here Perkins, take this slip and go down to Wung Too's place and get my laundry, I should have called for it this morning, but I forgot my ticket. However, this will do just as well."

This was not the only occasion that bad chirography made nonsense of the news that the scrawler handed in. He wrote that the neighbors on a certain street were complaining bitterly of a dog which howled all night long, making sleep in the community impossible. The cries of the canine were caused by his being "tied" all night, and, if the owner would release the animal, the howling would probably cease. One can imagine the laughter aroused in the office when the paper came out and the paragraph read that "the howling of the dog was caused by his being 'licked' all night," and the staff wondered if a dog had yet been found which would not cry lustily under such provocation.

### MR. MALLORY'S STORY.

WHEN the Patrons of Industry were in the hey-day of their strength and had several representatives in the Ontario Legislature, Mr. C. A. Mallory, of Northumberland county, was Grand President of the organization. He was a fluent talker and was always given a good hearing on the platform. He could tell a story with pointed effect, and the inference was never lost on his auditors. When addressing an assembly, which had the pleasure of listening to him on a previous occasion, he would invariably start off with the story of the man who had a wooden leg.

"They say we have no right to form a party of our own," Mr. Mallory would exclaim, "that we farmers should follow in the wake of the old political ones, and dance attendance on their leaders all the time; that at the crack of the party lash we should fall into step and follow where these self-seeking and power-loving fellows direct. They even intimate that farmers have not the right to think and act for themselves and, that like the average follower, we should be Conservatives or Reformers simply because our fathers were or because our grandfathers were. Let me tell you that many of these so-called leaders of the old time parties can give no more reason for the faith that is in them and why they are Grits or Tories than the chap who had a wooden leg. He was asked one day how he happened to have a wooden leg. Looking down somewhat stupidly at the timber limb, he drawled out that he did not exactly know. His father had a wooden leg and his grandfather had a wooden leg, and he guessed it ran in the blood."

"And that," cried Mr. Mallory, "is about as sensible a reason as the average party man can give you to-day for being a hide-bound Grit or Tory," at which the audience would invariably applaud heartily and laugh for several minutes if they happened to be in sympathy with the Patron cause—a cause, which by the way, died out several years ago, and to-day there is not a single representative of the once famous organization in parliament.

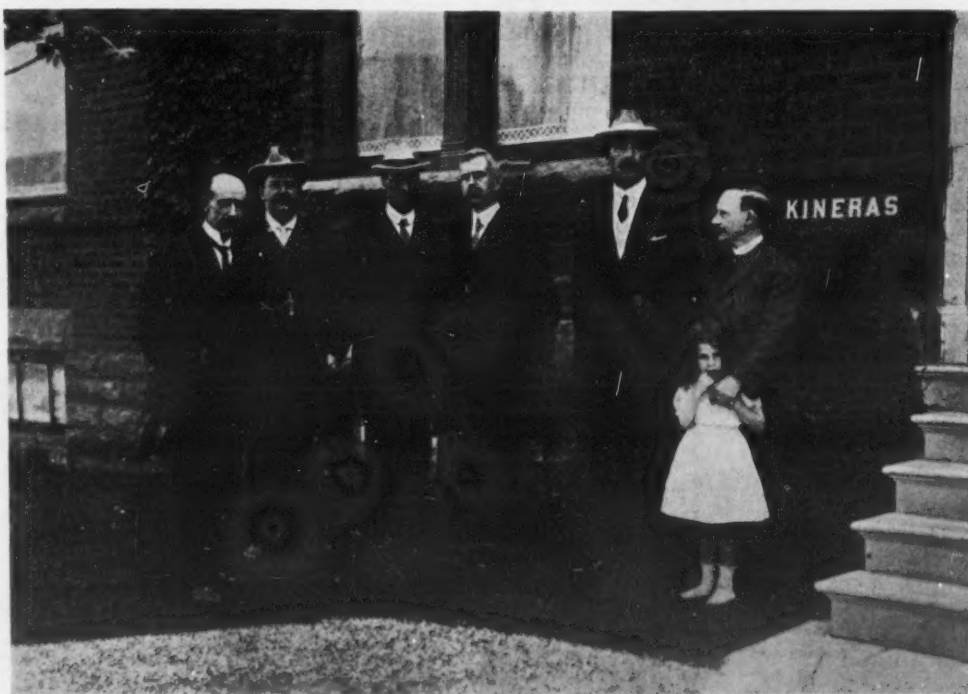
### AN EXAMPLE TO ALL CYCLISTS.

AMONG the 300,000 citizens of Toronto there is probably no man more deliberate in speech and action than Staff Inspector "Jamie" Stephen. His deliberation is his most notable characteristic in the eyes of the force. He is never in a hurry—or, at least, he never seems to be. The Staff Inspector is fond of his bicycle, and in fair weather he often rides it, but rarely has he been seen to ride faster than a man would walk. In fact, a newspaper man sized up the situation the other day in a neat sentence, as a group of scribes and officers watched the Inspector ride slowly down the street.

"If he was in a hurry he would get off and lead the wheel," remarked the pencil-pusher, and the sentence seemed to fit.

COLERIDGE'S cottage at Nether Stowey, West Somerset, has been acquired for the nation. It was in the cottage that the poet wrote "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel" and other poems.

"To sneer is human; to sneer with tact divine. The tactful sneer is the greatest engine of reform ever invented. If these men once learn to sneer tactfully, there will be no House of Lords, Ireland will have Home Rule, women the ballot. But he who can sneer tactfully is, like all things excellent, rare and difficult to find. Once in a hundred years, nay, once in half a millennium, such a man appears. President Lincoln, of the States, was a man who sneered tactfully."—Toynbee Record.



LORD LOVAT IN TORONTO

The tallest figure in the group is that of the Chief of the Clan Fraser. Reading from left to right those in the group are, Mr. W. A. Fraser, Col. Robertson, Sir Keith Fraser, Mr. Alexander Fraser, Lord Lovat, Mr. J. H. McKinnon.

## On the Bathurst Street Car

THEY greeted each other with enthusiasm as they took seats in the five o'clock car.

"It's my turn to pay, Irene," said the young person with the blond pompadour. "You put them in the last time and besides, I've got a lot of red tickets."

Irene gave up the struggle with a refractory clasp on a large blue pocketbook. "Thanks, ever so much, Violet. Ain't it been terrible warm! I don't see how you ever keep your hair so fluffy. Mine just goes in regular strings on a day like this."

Violet patted her pompadour in approving fashion and said consolingly: "Why, yours looks all right, but you just should have seen Marguerite Grant's this afternoon. It looked something fearful. You know she calls it copper-colored but it's as red as that"—and the speaker nodded at a flaming poster of an Old Boys' excursion to Jackson's Point.

"I never did like that girl," replied Irene, with a sub-acid expression. "She always acts as if she were doing you a favor to take any notice of you, at all, and yet I don't see that she has anything to be so stuck-up about."

"It's just her way. She believes in improving her mind and won't go to vaudeville or to any of the cheap shows. I offered her 'The Lure of the Mask' to read the other day and she said she didn't care for that kind of a book. She's horribly conscientious too and won't think of leaving the office until every scrap of work is done. Gracious! You're only going through this old world once and you may as well —"

"I ain't so sure of that," ruthlessly interrupted Irene. "Harry Burke and I went over to a palmist the other night—she's boarding at Centre Island for the summer—and she handed out the queerest line of talk you ever heard. She charges fifty cents for just an ordinary reading, but will tell you lots about the future for a dollar. So we took all the frills and I tell you she was great. She told Harry that he'd met with business losses, but that his salary would be raised within six months. She told him that a fair woman had been his enemy and of course that must have been Mamie Carruthers. She treated him something awful and now she'd give her eyes to have him back, but he hasn't a bit of use for a two-faced girl."

"Did the palmist tell you anything true?"

"Some of the things were awfully queer for a stranger to know. She told me I'd been through a very dangerous illness and that I'd had spots on my face. And you know, I had a terrible time with scarlet fever when I was a little kid. But I was going to tell you about having been through the world before. She believes in re-re—I forget what the word is, but it means that you've lived over so many times in the world before and that you're coming back again. She says she knows that she was once a priestess in a temple in one of those countries in the East. I'm sure I don't know what I could have been, but if I'm ever coming here again I hope it'll be to do something more interesting than thump a typewriter for eight dollars a week."

"How is it you went to her with Harry Burke? I thought you and George Rodney had just about decided on housekeeping in a flat."

"Not for me," was Irene's hasty rejoinder. "George only gets fourteen dollars a week and how do you suppose we could keep house on that? It takes all I make to keep me going in white blouses—and of course I'm at home, which makes a difference. Even then, I sometimes have hardly a dress that's fit to wear. George is a real nice boy, but he's rather a stick—takes a girl to church on Sunday evening because it don't cost much. But he behaved like a perfect gentleman when he took me over to Niagara about six weeks ago. I supposed he'd expect me to bring sandwiches and let him buy the fruit, but he insisted on our just having dinner on the boat, and we had a perfectly swell time. Oh, George is a real nice boy."

"There's such a difference in boys," reflected Violet, as a fat lady tripped over her feet, and dropped heavily beside her. "You know, I don't believe Marguerite Grant would like anyone to spend much money on her. I was at *The Taming of the Shrew* the last time Julia Marlowe was here and was more than astonished to see Marguerite sitting in front of me with a man who looked like a professor or teacher or something like that. He was thin and wore spectacles. Between the acts they talked about plays and books and he told her about something he'd seen in the Louvre. I listened on purpose, for I couldn't imagine what anyone would find to say to that sort of a man. I asked her the next day who he was and she just said 'a friend' and not another word could I get out of her. I couldn't stand a man like that who'd never think of bringing chocolates with him to a Shakespeare show. But, as I say, there's an awful difference in men."

"There certainly is," agreed Irene with emphasis. "But good gracious! We've passed Bloor street and I must be getting off. Well, you come over some evening with one of the boys, and I'll ask Harry Burke over for a game of cards. I wish you'd tell me where you got that waist. It's got a perfectly lovely yoke. I never saw the tucks criss-cross like that before. Made it yourself! My goodness! I couldn't do a thing like that if I tried for a year. Well, good-bye, and don't forget to come over."

The smiling Irene grasped the rail with her right hand, carefully facing the rear of the car, and descended with a jolt, as the red-faced conductor muttered things about the feminine passenger.

J. G.

IN view of the paragraph on the front page last week giving the opinion of an English lady that she found the daily press of Canada extremely local, a Toronto reader has sent us a marked copy of an evening paper. "I think," he writes, "the limit has been reached when, under the head of personal notes, we are gravely informed, that a certain lady has returned to town to do her pickles."

ORD ROBERTS, accompanied by Lady Aileen Roberts, Captain Downay and Lady Susan Downay, reached Quebec from Ottawa on Friday last, and sailed for home the same evening on the Empress of Britain.

Craigputtock, where Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" was written, has just been the scene of a notable wedding. The bride was Mary Carlyle, of Craigputtock, a grandniece of Carlyle, and the bridegroom, James Carlyle, a farmer of Pingle, Dumfriesshire, a son of Carlyle's favorite nephew. Pingle is about four miles from Ecclefechan, Carlyle's birthplace, and this village is the original of the Entuphl of "Sartor Resartus."

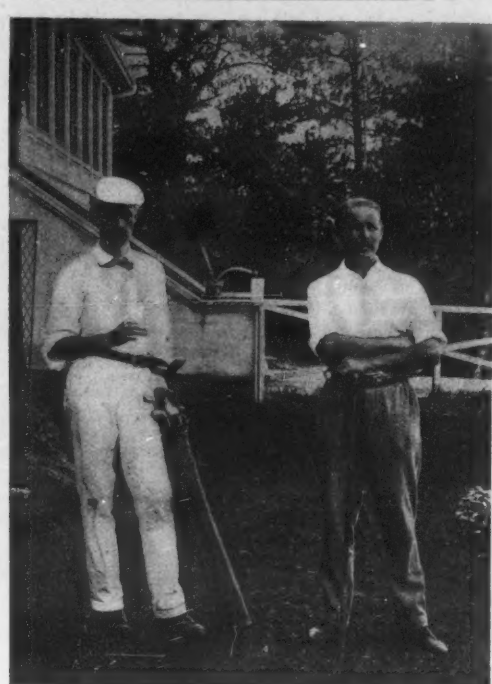




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## SOME WELL KNOWN GOLFERS AT THE LAMBTON TOURNAMENT

A Day's Fishing  
in the St. Lawrence

By C. W. YOUNG

THE largest, and in many respects the best game fish in fresh water is the Muskallunge (*Esox Nubilior*). Ranging, as he does, from half a dozen to half a hundred pounds, he is a fighter for every inch of his length as long as he elects to keep it up, but he is a pike after all, and while a bass or a trout will never cease his conflict till he is thoroughly whipped and in the landing net, the muskallunge usually gives in after about 15 or 20 minutes. This is, of course, with light tackle, when the fish has a chance for his life. On a hand trolling line, capable of standing a strain of a hundredweight, more or less, it all depends on the man in the boat. If he keeps on pulling, as he generally does, and never lets his victim get an inch of slack, he can generally get the fish up to the boat in a very short space of time, though sometimes he will land the boat all over the river. But there is very little sport in this.

The lunge is found in many of the rivers and lakes of Ontario and the Western States. In St. Lawrence waters he ranges mostly from the Bay of Quinte to Lake St. Louis, possibly below that, but is most plenty between Ste. Anne and the Thousand Islands. As a big fish he requires big water, and his size seems to vary a good deal with the locality, the largest ones being caught in Lake St. Francis and below.

He is not so plenty as he used to be. Dynamiting and netting and spearing in the spring have killed off hundreds for one caught by the angler, and it is the experience of almost every season to see numerous large specimens rotting on the shore of the river, victims of the terrible explosive that kills everything within reach.

The charms of a day on the river on a recent occasion, proved superior, as they have often done before, to the excitement of a championship lacrosse match, and a start was made from Stanley Island, at the head of Lake St. Francis, and headquarters for good shooting and fishing from way back.

Guides there are in plenty about the Algonquin, but none better than Aleck Buckshot, an Indian who knows every inch of the river, and rarely fails in finding a good day's sport for his patrons.

Some fishermen go out for lunge only, but a mixed bag appeals to me more strongly. The fish we are most likely to get are *dore* (*stizostedion vitreum*), but known variously as pickerel, wall-eye or glass-eye pike, sangre or pike perch, the last being probably nearest correct. They are neither a pike nor a pickerel, and are in no sense a game fish except in very few places, but they run to fair size and are splendid eating. We may also get a bass or two.

The same causes that have destroyed the lunge have made *dore* and bass scarcer than formerly in this part of the St. Lawrence. Thousands of these fish are caught in nets in the spring, when they are fairly dripping spawn, Indians being the principal offenders. Not many are sold in Cornwall, where the dealers have been educated to pay some attention to the game laws, but on the other side there is a ready market for anything in the shape of fish, and no questions asked.

There are still a few left, however, and at this season they are mostly in deep water in the daytime. Certain places are known to the guides, and we row to some of these in turn. The mode of fishing is with live minnows, double hook, wire leader and heavy sinker. This is let down till it touches the bottom at 20 or 30 feet, then raised a little, and kept gently moving, as the boat is rowed slowly or kept nearly stationary by a slight movement of the oars. The *dore* takes hold pretty savagely, with a kind of double tug not to be mistaken, and as his mouth is hard it takes quite a stiff yank to fasten the hook in his jaws. He does not take out line but merely hangs back, and if he should weigh three or four pounds or more and your rod is light, doubles it up pretty well, but there isn't usually much trouble in boating him.

Once in a while there is a strike of another kind, that sends an electric shock all the way up to the back of your neck. It isn't a sleepy wall-eye this time but a lusty bass, with back of bronze, who jumps angrily from the drink and glares with fury out of his ruby optics, at your assurance in presuming to play such a trick upon him.

Don't be in any hurry. He is well hooked, and you had better let him run awhile! How the reel sings, as he tears madly through the water and jumps again and again in a vain attempt to escape! Now you reel up close enough to see he is a big fellow.

"Take care he doesn't get under the boat! Keep up the strain! Now, Aleck, the net! Missed him, by jingo! Don't do that trick again!"

They are vigorous, these bass, and he gives you another run for your money, but is not so reckless in his rushes this time—the strain is telling. Here he is along—

side the boat again, gasping and turning up his yellow belly. "Now lift him! Four pounds as I am a living sinner! Take care of him, Aleck, we don't get a bass like that every day!"

DINNER on an island is part of the fun of a trip of this kind and the angler who can't cook for himself is not worth his bait. We land about noon, make a little fire in short order, fry the fat out of a piece of salt pork, cook a couple of *dore*, boil a pot of coffee and sit down to a meal which only anglers or very honest men, as old Izaak Walton observed, deserve. May good digestion wait upon appetite, and health on both.

The mosquitoes were bad on the island where we dined, and we got out on the water again as soon as possible. As we were on good lunge ground, the troll was let out, a good sized kidney spoon, and it was not very long till there was a tug that left no doubt as to what was at the other end of the line. No fish but a lunge could stop a boat as this one did. No yank was necessary to hook him, he had done that for himself. There was about 25 yards of line out, and he soon increased his distance to double that, the reel singing out the sweetest music an angler ever listens to. Then he jumped, and shook the spoon till it jingled in a vain effort to get rid of it, and a rapid winding up of the slack to get in what line we could before he took a notion to run again. Down he went to the bottom for a few seconds, then up like a shot, another leap into the air, and a minute or two when there wasn't much to do but hold on. Another run and a jump, not so high this time, and after that evidence of distress, for he comes more easily as the line is reeled in, and turns over and over. But he is not dead yet, by a good deal, as we find out when we attempt to get him close to the boat. There is strength enough for another short run, and when at last we get him close, Buckshot, who despises a gaff, reaches down, and sinking his fingers into the eyes of the big fellow, with a quick jerk lands him in the skiff. He still keeps his digits where they were, and reaching for a stick gives the victim a couple of cracks on the back of the neck that end his struggles forever. Not such a monster as he seemed when we were attempting to lead him with an eight-ounce rod, but a tidy fish for all that, just over a score pounds.

It is a kind of a superstition that these big fish hunt in couples; anyway we went over the same ground again, but without any result; there were no more of the same kind that day. We had about a dozen *dore* and bass, however, and two or three perch to put in the bag when we landed, not to speak of sunburnt face and hands, but that was all in the day's work.

And we got back to Cornwall in time to hear the cheering after the victory of the home team over the Montrealers. It was a pretty good day all round.

Cornwall, July 10, 1908.

London Has Its Troubles.

LONDON society is being victimized by a new scheme of imposition, writes a correspondent. The fine weather all this season has led to a greater number of outdoor dances and fetes, as well as garden parties, than ever before. Following the lead of Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the Premier, many society women have used their gardens frequently for entertainments. The hostesses are complaining bitterly, however, of the number of uninvited guests who appear at these parties.

The device of having detectives present at large affairs has proved useless; uninvited guests are not criminals, only smart young men who do it for a lark. Seeing an awning stretched across the pavement of some large house, they merely enter as guests, and owing to the number of men brought by various women guests the hostess cannot tell if they are friends of her friends or outsiders.

It is dangerous to risk offending someone's escort by asking if he really was invited. One of the American countesses tried that a short time ago. The man bowed and left the house. The countess found that she had mortally offended the husband of one of her best friends, whom she had not met before.

Things have come to such a pass that any well-dressed man can walk into a large house and have a good supper and plenty of cigars and champagne, all without personally knowing the host or hostess.

Legal Terms.

THE language of a lawyer is so precise as to be almost excruciating to those who have to read what he prepares. No layman can understand what a lawyer means in his writings, but courts and judges are quite successful translators, and the Privy Council puts the commas in the right place.

Besides being couched in legal terms, most documents drawn up by lawyers contain a good deal of French, and more Latin, so that the law student takes a course of Latin so that he may readily understand what he himself writes. Latin terms are particularly valuable to the young lawyer when he goes up against a County Judge.

Most any case that comes into court can be split up into quarters, one-quarter being allegations, denials and

the verdict, and the other three-quarters being the costs. Either plaintiff or defendant may get the verdict, but the lawyer gets the costs, win or lose.

Sometimes a judge congratulates a client on the way his lawyer has handled his case. Then the lawyer's bill comes in, and the client congratulates himself that he still has enough left to pay the taxes.

For the benefit of those who have not yet plunged into law, but are thinking seriously of hiring a lawyer for a go in the High Court, the following glossary of terms may be found useful:

PLAINTIFF—Person willing to spend money to back the belief that the defendant should lose.

DEFENDANT—Man believed to be respectable, till plaintiff's lawyer gets after him in cross-examination.

RETAINER—Chunk of money handed by man to lawyer, after the lawyer decides to take the case, and the money.

OPINION—Conclusion lawyer comes to as to which party to a suit is in the right, after ascertaining from client which party client thinks is in the right.

BRIEF—Lengthy document containing claim of plaintiff and statement of defence.

PER DIEM ALLOWANCE—Sum agreed on (if you're wise) that lawyer shall receive for each day given to the case.

DOCKET—Lawyer's diary wherein is recorded what he does for you, and what it costs you.

EXAMINATION FOR DISCOVERY—The one swell chance opposing lawyer has to find out what you know about it, and how to checkmate.

EXAMINATION—Your answers to queries put to you on the stand by your lawyer, to prove your case. You smile.

CROSS-EXAMINATION—Your answers to queries put to you on the stand by the other lawyer, to prove his case. You glare.

ARGUMENT—Statement of lawyer, to judge showing that the plaintiff is a liar, and that his lawyer knows little about law.

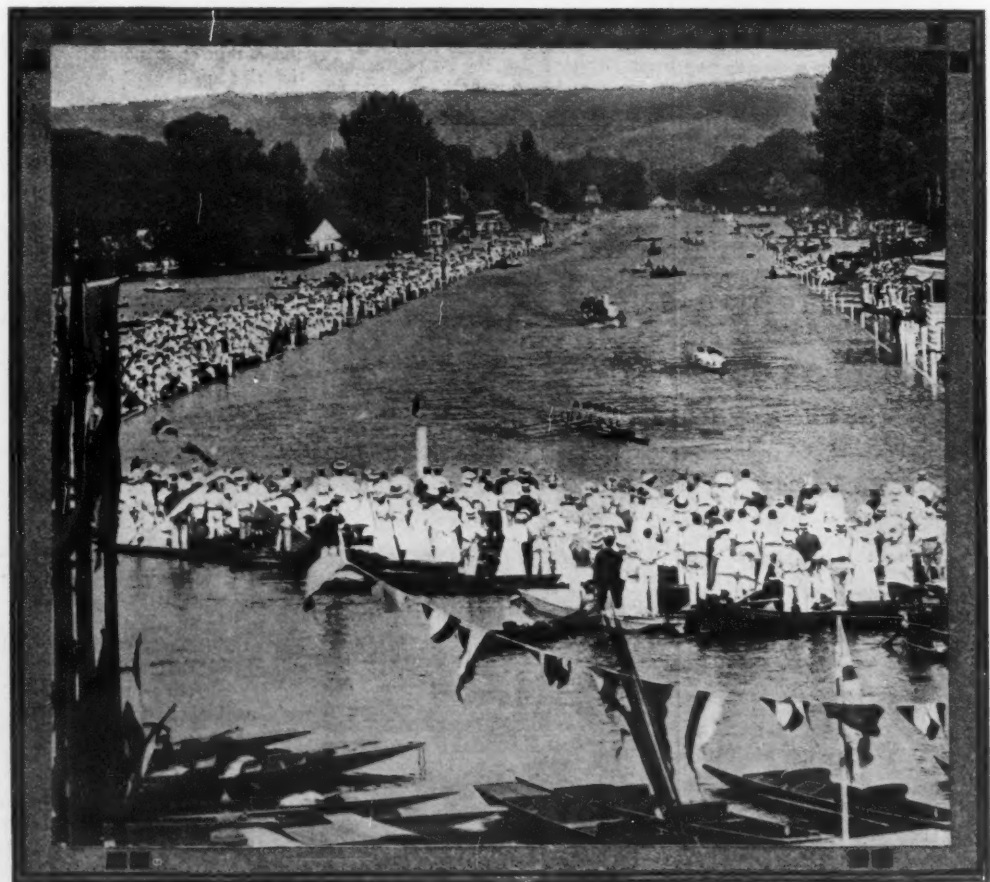
ARGUMENT—Statement of opposing lawyer, ditto.

JURY—About a dozen ill-at-ease people, paid a small fee to decide important matters. Many of them business people, some successful.

NORMAN HARRIS.

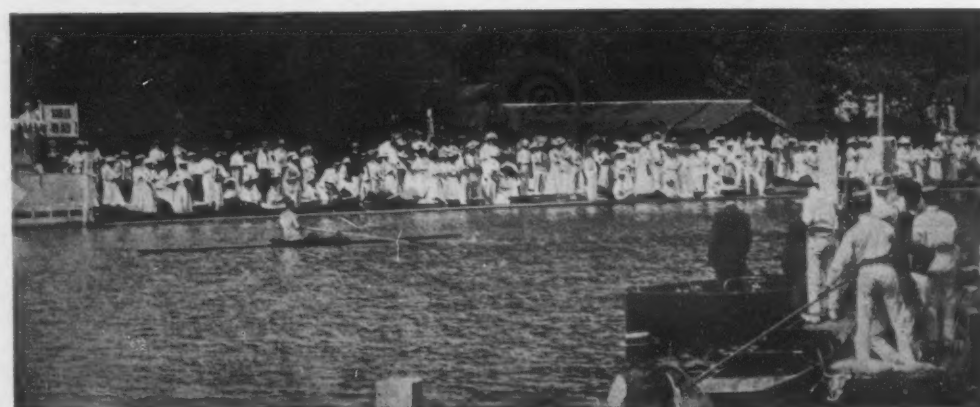
On Singing the National Anthem.

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE cries "Ichabod!" in a letter to the "Times." The matter of his particular Jeremiah is the singing of the National Anthem, or rather the English failure to sing it as compared with the chorus in unison of a Canadian crowd. As Sir Frederick puts it, "even in the city of London, so loyal to the King, it is generally left to a very moderate soprano vocalist, who sings it as fast as she can, with, usually, an accompaniment terrible to hear. The guests preserve a rigid silence and a sad face." There is truth in this, says St. James' Budget. But we fancy Sir Frederick mistakes the cause when he ascribes it to ignorance of the words. That is not it. Most certainly it is not disloyalty which keeps us dumb. It is neither more nor less than the remnant of that splendid insularity which—thank goodness!—we have not yet wholly exchanged for the *fausse bonhomie* of a pretended cosmopolitanism. It is the British character that prevents our singing "God Save the King!" in public. Instead, we just bare our heads and look devilishly solemn. That is a practically universal attitude. The man who does not bare his head is in a ridiculous minority, of whatever character the gathering may be. He is either a crank or just a boulder. And we will confess that to our mind there is something infinitely more impressive in this solemn bareheaded silence than in the most exultant song. Nothing more impresses the visitor from abroad—who knows nothing that touches him in the same way as our National Anthem touches us—than this simple habit of respect for a person and a symbol. Nothing, indeed, could be better, more dignified, or more proper. Let us stick to our "rigid silence and sad face." They suit us.



AT HENLEY—THE ARGONAUTS AND LEANDERS.

This picture gives an excellent view of the start of the famous course.



AT HENLEY—VON GAZA WINNING.

In the single sculls against Lou Scholes, of Toronto.



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## LADY GAY'S COLUMN

Lady Gay, Who is Now in Scotland, Was Present at the Marathon Race and Describes the Terrible Finish of the Contest :: ::

THE Olympic games are over. The Stadium deserted, the victors crowned, and very soon the whole magnificent fortnight's striving will be among the things not remembered. For there is already new interest in new things in the great city, over which has come the beginning of its social sleep. People, the people about whom are made uninteresting items of gossip, are thinking of moorland and heather, or wearing the weird garb of the motor fiend in foreign or inaccessible native parts. But even yet one has not lost the nightmare of the Marathon race! It is a thing one does not lightly lose! Let me tell you, at this late day, how it looked from start to finish. The day was baking hot, with a sun that was malignant in its power, and as we whirled down to Windsor after an early luncheon, we had qualms whenever the thought of the long terrible struggle for twenty-six miles through the lanes and villages and roads came upon us. We were quiet, not gay, oppressed in advance by this great strain, the Marathon. The thought of the Greek of old days, speeding through the land with news of his comrades' victory, we saw him panting, striving, glazed-eyed and dying and a great horror of the Marathon beset us. At Windsor came the rush for the balcony of the big hotel, almost commanding the start, and the meeting with the little group of Canadian runners, who passed through the corridors with their red maple leaves on the breast, looking so fit and hopeful and smart. To wish them luck heartened us a bit, and the pretty sight as the half hundred runners streamed down the hill through the Castle gates and trotted pleasantly out into the turn for the cross country completed our restoration. The Marathon no longer cowed our spirits, we climbed laughing into the motor and rushed off to intercept the race at some vantage point not known to any but our chauffeur. There we waited for the contestants and one by one they came around a little village corner. The big Britisher, the big Stateser, the little Greek with his quaint little kick-step gait, his cow-breakfast hat and brown face, the Swede, with something in a rag in his mouth, the long ends hanging down like Viking mustachios, the Canadians, by twos and threes, the South African, a game sport to the finish, the Australians in their green jerseys, the Yorkshire man, whose friends worked up a red hot excitement over his tardy appearance, the little Capri man in his red knickers, whose name was unknown to any but the Italian waiters and a few Frenchmen who remembered his victory in Paris four years ago, but whose features and fame were to be known to all who could read in the great city before sunset—Dorando! Away they went, and away we went, cutting the route from time to time, and at last reaching the Stadium well in front of any possible arrival. The merciful clouds hid the cruel sunshine, but the oppression of the struggle closed in upon us once more. At Wormwood Scrubb, (heard you ever such a name?) where workhouse and prison girt the course, the full tragedy of that afternoon's work was plain, the men were one mile from victory, but their plight was harrowing and horrible. Dorando pumped along, mechanically, with some hint of fear, appeal, mad effort, in his dull eyes, Heffernon, Hayes, looking so stern and set and pathetically strained, toiled after, then a blank, and we strained our hearing toward the Stadium with its 100,000 watching pairs of eyes and its great startled gasp as the bomb sounded the one mile approach. Outside that vast Stadium thousands waited for the roar which they hoped would announce a British victory. Instead, they heard a bomb, and a faint cheer, a sickening silence, then a second noise, not a cheer—a sort of cry—the sort that sighs from the grand stand when a jockey is killed in a steeplechase. It was for the little red-legged Dorando, who had fallen and stumbled up again, and was staggering round the arena to the bit of worsted which stretched across the track. Again came that gasping wonderful throbbing cry—he was down again, up again, but his feet were dragging as if he walked in his sleep. And the third time the tense cry shuddered along the benches, thrilled across the covered stand, and the gentle Queen turned herself aside with pained eyes and trembling

hands whispering, "Poor fellow!" For Dorando lay prone and did not at once struggle up. The great jolly doctor who had beamed on the start at Windsor was at one side, and the man with the megaphone, a very Paddy Miles' boy, was on the other, the latter made his crowning well-meaning mistake, and put his strong arm under the prone form of the runner to aid him again to his feet. The Italian strove to shake him off, but the good-hearted, thick-headed one continued to aid the staggering runner, then the Italian trotted slowly and waveringly to the worsted. Cameras trained upon him reproduced the exact attitude, Paddy Miles' boy with his hand steadying the Italian's arm. The megaphone well in evidence, the jolly doctor trotting alongside with a beaming face, unconscious of the tragedy impending. Even Dorando himself did not realize that the officious trackman had done him this evil turn, but broke the worsted and counted himself the victor. For "alone and unaided" must the Marathon winner reach the goal, and there was Paddy Miles' boy touching the Italian's elbow with his stupid kindly paw! All London groaned over the contretemps and at the clubs and restaurants nothing was talked of but the pity of it. Men said nasty things against Hayes, the American, who reached the goal next, with a protest between his teeth. The men who spoke were still sore from the Carpenter episode when an American was ruled off for jostling an Englishman the day before. Englishmen are very touchy on honor in sport, and there were strong things said. But though Paddy Miles' boy with the megaphone handed the trophy to the second man in, in this harrowing apotheosis of stupidity, Dorando had his victory, and perhaps when he sizes it up, he will be reconciled to fate. For the pretty Queen coming to the Stadium in her white motor car, gave him an exquisite golden cup, at the prize giving next day, with a golden word and a golden smile to match, people sent him jewels and one sweet creature enquired tenderly if he were still heart-free! To all of which Dorando smilingly assented, assuring the enquirer, by means of the Press, that he was a likely candidate for the Marathon of matrimony. But there was tribulation among the restaurant waiters who had put a bit on Dorando, and several Frenchmen likewise said "Sacree" when there was a settling up. All of which came to my knowledge at supper time, between courses at a foreign cafe which shall be nameless.

LADY GAY.

Aivmore, Scotland, July 26, '08.

### Literature and Larceny

LITERATURE and Crime is the title of a new book that seems to be making some stir in France, and the idea which it suggests has been endlessly discussed. In spite of the average badness of books and the persistent goodness of men, some people are persuaded that bad books make bad men, and lay a heavy charge to authors therefor.

But what we prefer to see discussed is Literature or Crime. If writing thoughts upon paper has tripped some into the meshes of the law, how many, on the other hand, has it saved from jail?

Why the artist creates is a pretty psychological question. The grand practical reason has been that he had to have the money and saw no way of getting it except by writing or robbery. Some men, it is true, have adopted authorship when the choice was less exigent than that between a publisher and a bailiff, and for them no excuse can be urged; but we think it a reasonable presumption that, if literature has put some readers behind the bars, it has kept at least an equal number of authors in front of them.

Certain famous Elizabethans did try both alternatives, and are known as authors rather than as highwaymen merely because they happened to have more talent for letters than for larceny. Among Fielding's and Smollett's most successful scenes are those laid in a jail—which, in their time, was a sort of common residuary estate for pickpockets and writers; in short, for men reduced to desperate extremities.

If a book then guided a reader behind prison walls he would very likely find the author there and profit by a stimulating association with him. There seemed not much left for young Schiller but to write, The Robbers or become one. Suicide has been charged to Ibsen, but the timely success of Brand probably saved him from it.—Saturday Evening Post.

### Pleasures of Pageantry

AGNES REPPLIER, in New York Life, says: The energetic tourist rejoices to hear that London will have next July the biggest historic pageant ever seen in England—or the world. The great city proposes to show Oxford its modest place in British chronicles by raking up her own gigantic past, from the days when Diana's temple stood on Ludgate Hill, when Wulfhere harried the valley of the Thames. It is a large contract, and, unless something is left out, the programme promises to be as congested as the highways. Londoners (who do not happen to be also hotel keepers) sigh heavily over the prospect; but provincial England, which proposes to have all the fun and none of the trouble, is enchanted; and Americans feel truly grateful to the vigorous Saxon stock which disports itself so actively for our entertainment. It is a frolicsome race. The same spirit which makes it possible for an adult Englishman to play Blind Man's Buff and Stage Coach in a Cairo hotel on Christmas eve enables him to parade as Volturno or Alfred the Great for the diversion of the civilized world.

The humors of the situation promise well. "Punch" revelled in the Oxford pageant, and forgot for a season its habitual and pleasant gravity. The fierce debate which ranged at Coventry as to the clothes which Lady Godiva should wear when she rode through the town, and the compromise finally effected which gave her the half-and-half costume of a chorus girl, was enough to prove the charming incongruity of twentieth century Mediaevalism. London, it is true, lends itself graciously to masques and festivals; but the businesslike methods of a great modern pageant, and the necessity of making sight-seers comfortable, are somewhat disillusionizing. Mr. Whistler observed, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, that the Londoner's idea of decorating his city for such a celebration was to cover it up and sit on it.

### Categorical Bargain.

"A corruptionist," said Senator Depew, "once entered a voter's house. In the voter's absence, he pleaded his cause to the man's wife. Finally, spying a wretched kitten on the floor, he said:

"I'll give you \$25 for that animal, ma'am."

"She accepted those terms."

"The corruptionist, thrusting the kitten in his overcoat pocket, rose to go. At the door he said:

"I do hope you can persuade your husband to vote for me, ma'am."

"I'll try to," said the woman, "though Jim's a hard one to move when his mind's made up; but anyhow you've got a real cheap kitten there. Your opponent was in yesterday and gave me \$50 for its brother."

### THE NATURAL GATEWAY TO MUSKOKA LAKES.

Standing on the C. P. R. station platform at Bala one can throw a stone into the far-famed Bala Falls, where the waters of Muskoka rush down on their way to Georgian Bay. Bala is a charming spot for a vacation, the scenery is beautiful and as a starting point for fishing and canoeing trips it is unexcelled. From its natural situation it is especially suited to be the gateway to the great Muskoka district the C. P. R. has made it. Here the steamers wait on trains and take holiday-makers in every direction, to every Muskoka retreat, by the most beautiful routes and without delay.

The Honorary Governors who will visit the Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. W. G. Gooderham and Mr. W. R. Brock.

"They are quite ordinary people, aren't they?"  
"Yes—keep their engagements, eat plain food, pay their bills, and all that sort of thing."—Life.

A popular idea used to prevail that all teas were pretty much alike, but "Salada" Tea is proving a pleasant surprise to thousands of particular tea-drinkers. Sold by grocers everywhere.

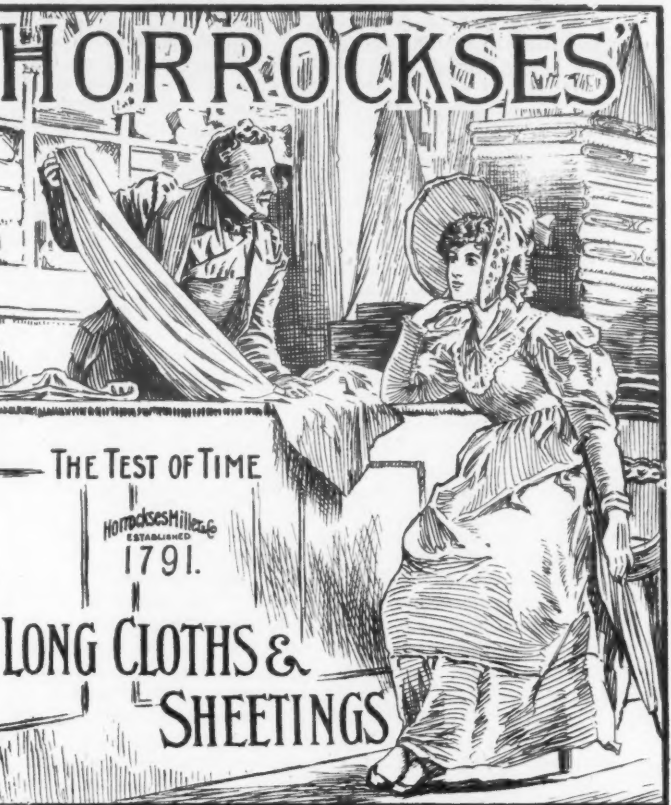
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**IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN** Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 90c; 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, \$1.30 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c each. Strong Huckaback Towels, \$1.34 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

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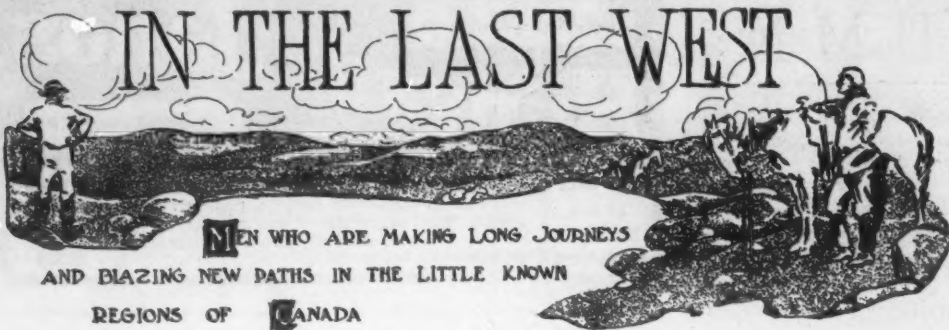


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Ask your jeweler or furisher for the MAPLE LEAF. Price 25c.

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NO more interesting figure has appeared in the English church in Canada than that of Right Reverend William Carpenter Bompas, D.D., Bishop of Yukon. He presides over a vast but little peopled diocese, 200,000 square miles in extent, an area one-half larger than the British Isles. Under his direction are six clergymen, four lay readers and four teachers. In a recent newspaper interview he was asked about big game hunting in Yukon.

"Personally," replied the Bishop, "I am not interested in the shooting of big game, and an outcry has been raised against the reckless killing off of moose and mountain sheep. Up to the present the game laws have been very lax, but I understand they are to be made more severe, and rightly so. Last year great herds of caribou were seen passing the head of Forty Mile Creek; this was considered very remarkable, as it was thought the caribou were getting scarce."

Bishop Bompas visited Toronto not long ago and has many friends throughout Canada and Great Britain. He has an interesting young family, his oldest boy having been born at Herschell Island, where is located the British settlement nearest the north pole.

SPEAKING of Bishop Bompas, of whose diocese a small map is published, it may be interesting to quote a passage from a book he published in 1888 in the Colonial Church Histories series: "The Diocese of Mackenzie River." It may be well, however, to explain to the reader that as the map shows, Bishop Bompas where he speaks discouragingly of the agricultural outlook of his diocese is not describing the vast region north of Edmonton, but a country for the most part still north and west of the line region so much spoken of in these columns. And yet it is well to remember, also, that he

and it is surprising what a vast expenditure of animal life is required to sustain even a very small population on meat only.

When a reindeer is killed, the meat of its ribs is cut off and dried, and this is usually the only part of the animal furnished to the trading establishments for provision for the resident whites. These ribs form just one day's provision for one man, so that in one sense it may be said to require the life of a deer to sustain each man for a day. Then about 1,200 fish are required to feed a train of dogs for the winter, and the dogs are needed for hauling fresh meat, if not fuel. Altogether, with the sparsest of populations, there is an enormous expenditure of animal life every year in Mackenzie river for provisions. When to this is added the number of animals slaughtered for their fur, the total is very great. It is a country of death. It seems an instinct in an Indian to destroy every living animal he sees.

Little pains have yet been bestowed on the cultivation of the soil in Mackenzie river, but where patience and perseverance have been used, the result has been encouraging. The crops cannot be said to be altogether certain, but are dependent on the season. By working the soil regularly the frost seems to leave it. A considerable amount of provisions could no doubt be raised from the soil by real efforts at farming. It has sometimes been suggested that a penal settlement might be placed in Mackenzie River similar to those in Siberia, but such a scheme the scarcity of provisions forbids. The meat and fish are insufficient to support any considerable number in one place, and the crops could not be trusted for the support of a convict establishment with enforced labor, though hardy emigrants working with a will might force a livelihood.

The climate is not one to invite immigration on any considerable

for navigation, and impeded by numerous rapids. The route from Dease Lake to the western coast is also mountainous, and traversed in parts by mule trains only, which may forbid any heavy traffic by that route.

Probably the most striking impression conveyed to the mind by the appearance of this country is that here we are brought into immediate view of stupendous natural works of the great Creator unsullied by human handiwork, undisguised by human artifice. Magnificent lakes, rivers, mountains, meet the eye, and these at one time buried under deep ice or snow, and chained with the iron grasp of winter, and at another time smiling in summer's glow and freedom, and flowing with melted streams. Few operations of the powers of nature are more forcible and striking than the binding back of the swift current of a mighty stream, in the severe frosts of early winter, and the loosing of these icy fetters on the return of spring. An equal contrast is seen in the congealing of the tossing waves of a large inland lake or of the Arctic Ocean. As the power of nature, so also the care of Providence, is exhibited to perfection in the far North, as shown by the safe protection and provision afforded to the wandering tribes, apparently helpless amid Arctic frost and snow.

In the huge carcasses of the whales and other marine monsters of the Arctic deep, and the swarming land animals of the northern wastes, nature and Providence seem to have been, in some respects, more lavish and prodigal in care for the sparse inhabitants of the far North than for the teeming populations of more favored climates. Yet the provision is not in excess of the need, and in that forbidding climate both the natives and European residents maintain a constant struggle to keep aloof the foe of famine, or in familiar figure of speech, to "keep the wolf from the door."

COLIN FRASER, a well known fur trader from the North, arrived in the city last night, says a despatch from Edmonton. He brought down twenty-three packs of fur, a smaller quantity than last year. He says he estimates it to be worth \$15,000, but as the price of fur has dropped, it will not be worth that much. He will sell it by auction this week. He returns to the North in two weeks, and will take up the supplies for the British Columbia mission at Fort Chippewyan to replace those destroyed by fire in June.

W. A. BLACK, manager of the Ogilvie Milling Company, and an excellent judge of the wheat crop, when interviewed this week at Winnipeg, said: "Reports received in respect to the crops from our buyers and inspectors throughout Manitoba and the Northwest Territories fully confirm the opinion I formed during my trip, which extended over 1,700 miles through Manitoba and Saskatchewan. My estimate is," Mr. Black continued, "that we shall have a crop of wheat this year aggregating 120,000,000 bushels, providing the conditions continue favorable. This, as I said, is of wheat, and does not include barley, oats, flax or any other agricultural products, which I believe will show results quite as good compared with the acreage under crop. "The cattle and other animals on the farms everywhere, too, were thriving and this promises to be one of the most successful years in the history of the Canadian West, and should have a marked effect on the country's prosperity."

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He—That fellow over there cheated me out of a cool million. She—How could he? He—Wouldn't let me marry his daughter.—The Pathfinder.

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, has twice visited Canada within the past seven years. First in 1901, when as the Duke of York, in company with the Duchess, he toured Canada from ocean to ocean.

Mid-summer, 1908, His Majesty, King Edward VII., was represented at the Tercentenary celebration at Quebec by the Prince of Wales, heir to the throne of Great Britain.

On the first occasion a



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### Piano

was in exclusive use in the private apartments of the Duke and Duchess in the Royal train, and the steamer Empress of India.

So delighted was the Prince of Wales with the piano of seven years ago that he selected a Heintzman & Co. Piano to be placed in the Citadel, Quebec, during his stay in connection with the Tercentenary Celebration.

The piano used in Quebec was a Heintzman & Co. Diminutive Grand, in Louis XV. design. This beautiful instrument is only 5 ft. 4 in. in length, and 4 ft. 8 in. wide, but possesses all the elements and power of a larger Grand. It is a musical product of wonderful power and possibilities.

Its limpid and sympathetic touch and its delicate and refined expression stir the enthusiasm of everyone with the love of music in their souls. It is possessed of a beautiful penetrating volume of rarified tone, and a touch mechanism that meets every dynamic shade or accent. The same double repeating action that is in the larger Grands is found in this diminutive Grand.

This wonderful piano is in increasing demand in the best homes in Canada, first because of its distinctive musical worth, and again because of its size, giving one an opportunity to place in drawing-room or parlor of average size, a Grand Piano.

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- Used exclusively in the private apartments of the Prince of Wales during the Tercentenary.
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- A Diminutive Grand ordered by Sir Louis Jette, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

A similar instrument (in gold enameled case) was purchased by Hon. S. N. Parent, Quebec. One of these Diminutive Grands is in Government House, Toronto, purchased by Sir Mortimer Clark, and again another by Hon. Mr. Snowball, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.

The choice of the world's great artists, including De Pachmann, the world's greatest pianist; Friedmann, the Mendelssohn Choir, the Schubert Choir, the People's Choral Union, and will be used exclusively by the great Sheffield Choir, that is to appear shortly, under the direction of Mr. A. E. Harris.

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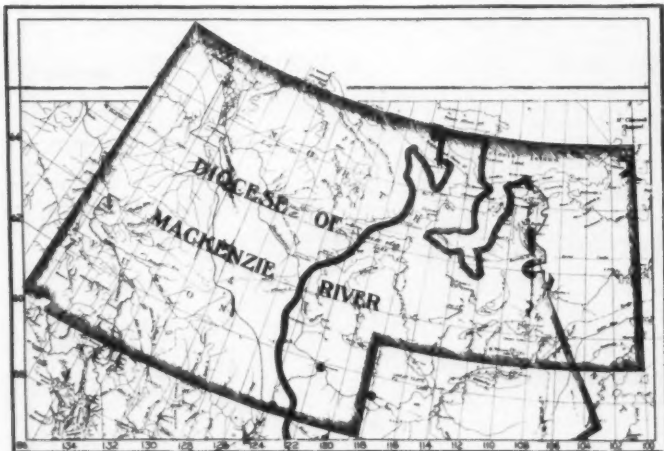
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A DIOCESE OF VAST EXTENT.

wrote the following previous to 1888, since when a largely increased knowledge has been gathered of the agricultural possibilities of parts of the country shown on the accompanying map. In more than one case in the West actual experiment in wheat growing has completely upset the calculations of the best observers. However, the following from Bishop Bompas' book of twenty years ago will interest many of our readers:

It has already been said that the sole present trade in Mackenzie river is in furs. It may be asked what other resources the country presents. The leather derived from the dressed hides of the moose and reindeer is of some value, but at present nearly the whole of the leather obtained is used in the country for shoes and clothing. The reindeer in the woods and the fish in the lakes are somewhat abundant, but no more are killed than are required for provisions used in the country. Walrus tusks for ivory, and seal skins, and oil of both whales and seals, may be traded to a limited extent from the Esquimaux on the coast, but not in large quantities. Vegetable crops might be much increased in the country, but it is unlikely that these would be exported. For resources to be consumed in the country, agricultural produce will probably in the end prove the most reliable, notwithstanding the severe climate. Animal provisions seem always diminishing.

scale, unless the half-breed or Indian population of the Saskatchewan plains or adjacent country should retire to the north before the advance of civilized Europeans. It might, indeed, be more humane to the Indian population of the south to banish them to the unconstrained freedom of the northern forests, where they might still pursue the chase to which their instincts guide them, rather than to confine them to reserves of limited area and to farming pursuits, for which they are less fitted, and which often prove distasteful.

IN case any further expedition should be organized with a view to reach the North Pole, (continues the same writer) it has been suggested that the mouth of the Mackenzie River would form a favorable basis of operations.

After laying deposits of provisions along the route in advance, sledge journeys on the ice might be arranged from the Mackenzie River toward the Pole, to be conducted not by English sailors but by those more habituated to rapid snowshoe traveling and inured to Arctic cold.

Formerly, trade was carried from Mackenzie River through the Rocky mountains by the west branch of the Liard River as far as Dease Lake, and access from the west may hereafter be obtained to the Mackenzie River by the same route. The river is, however, difficult and dangerous



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THE following from the London Musical News, re the musical exhibits at the Franco-British Exhibition, should be gratifying to our national pride:

"Really partial as the French section of the music is, it far surpasses the British section. But if a faint blush of shame mingles the Briton's cheek as he leaves the French department, it is deepened when he enters Canada. That a large country like France should beat us may be tolerated, but here is one of our own colonies, which surpasses us. In the number of exhibits, and the way in which they are displayed, Canada leaves the Mother Country far in the rear. Pianos are shown by Nordheimer, of Toronto; Williams, of Oshawa; Martin Orme, of Ottawa; Bell, of Guelph; Leach, of Montreal; Gerhard Heintzman, of Toronto, and Newcombe, of Toronto. Those that we tried were excellent in tone and touch, though one or two needed tuning after the voyage. The Nordheimer pianos, in particular, need fear no comparison, as far as up-rights go, with any competitor, and it is a matter for congratulation that such excellent instruments are manufactured in Canada. The chief point in which Canadian, like American, pianos are lacking is in their cases; possibly they suit the transatlantic taste, but refined beauty of design is conspicuous by its absence. Reed organs, some with two manuals, and with pedals, are shown by the Karn and Thomas organ companies."

A lady, annoyed by the unvarying monotony of the repertoire played by a hurdy-gurdy day after day in front of her home, asked the organ-grinder if he played no Wagner.

"Wagner!" repeated the strolling musician in a tone of disgust, "I play no more Wagner, signora. I brekka two organ and spolia two monk with Wagner."—Exchange.

Chinese music is incomprehensible to the Occidental ear, but opinions vary as to why this is so. Either the Chinese have less ear for harmony than more civilized peoples, or else they are so far beyond us that we cannot understand their combinations of tone. Chinese were the first people in the history of the world to develop a system of octaves, a circle of fifths, and a lot of other harmonical techniques, back in the days when our ancestors, the European savages, had not invented even the simplest forms of melody.—The Choir Journal.

In his recent valuable book on "The Art of Singing," Sir Charles Santley has some curious remarks on the effect of flowers upon the voice in a concert room or *salon*. Many people scoff at this idea, but it is undoubtedly well founded. Jenny Lind could never stay in a room with strong smelling flowers, and she used to say that the odor of violets was especially bad for the voice. Madame Christine Nilsson mentions the case of a celebrated singer who, after "burying her nose" for a moment in a wreath of tuberose, went on the platform to find that she could not sing a note. Emma Calve had a like experience with the tuberose. Sims Reeves once explained to a friend that, if the perfume from a bouquet of flowers reached his throat, he would be "off singing form for nights." Clearly, the admirers of fashionable singers would do well not to persist in loading them with wreaths and with bouquets!

A strange fate seems to attend the mortal remains of great musicians. The ashes of Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Weber, Schubert, Paganini and Dragonetti have all been re-interred; while among Englishmen we have the examples of Dr. Greene, John Davy (both in the same churchyard: St. Martin-in-the-Fields) and Sir W. G. Cousins. Now it is said that the remains of Chopin are to be transferred from Pere la Chaise to Warsaw. They would certainly be more in place at Warsaw, where, in the church of the Holy Cross, Chopin's heart is preserved. But, after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well beside Cherubini, Boieldieu, Pleyel and Gretry, with the tomb of Abelard and Heloise not far away; and it would seem very like desecration to disturb poor Chopin's remains after all these years.

The Handel Festival is due at the Crystal Palace in June next. As it happens that next year is also the

centenary of the birth of Mendelssohn, the directors of the Crystal Palace Company have decided to celebrate the occasion by the inclusion of the best known of Mendelssohn's works; and the festival will consequently be called "The Handel-Mendelssohn Festival." On the selection day, excerpts will be given from Handel's "Israel in Egypt" and from Mendelssohn's choral and orchestral works; while on the final day Handel's "Messiah" or Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will be given.

A musical critic, whose name is left unmentioned, gives a graphic description of the extraordinary physical energy displayed by Mlle. Cavallieri in Puccini's "La Tosca." He thinks that it could hardly have been deemed extraordinary if this Florio Tosca had vaulted over the chairs and the tables in order to escape the sinister attention of Signor Scotti's mild mannered Scarpia. "She ran to and fro with the agility of a rat cornered by a fox terrier!" An allusion to the fact that Puccini's music considerably tones down the melodramatic horror of Sardou's play—and it is truly a painful drama—reminds one of a small anecdote connected with the Athanasian Creed. The vicar was rather low church and his congregation were more so; and, as may be obviously surmised, the Creed in question would naturally have been read. But in final instructions to his organist he (the vicar) consented to a musical setting on the ground that the well-known unpleasant clauses sounded less obnoxious when wedded to music!

Not long ago in a prominent Brooklyn church a well-known organist played a Bach fugue. A dignified member of the musical committee which sat in judgment was delighted; and, after ascertaining the composer's name, meekly enquired if he lived in New York, as perhaps they might engage him! Again, in a large city in Connecticut, previous to the annual choir shake-up, a member of the choir committee moved that two contraltos be engaged in place of a soprano and a contralto, as he thought the contralto voice "so sweet and soulful!" He was probably a relative of the man who wanted the swell box of the organ permanently closed to keep out the dust; or perhaps of the old lady who demanded a more frequent use of the "nux vomica stop!"

—Music alac-eniMcmfw  
The Royal Canadian Regiment Band, of Halifax, will be one of the visiting organization at the Exhibition this year.

"Gee whiz," said the celebrated musician, as he picked up his flute for a few minutes' practice after supper, "what in the dickens is the matter with this instrument anyway?"  
"I don't know, my dear," replied his wife, "it was, all right this afternoon when I beat the rugs with it!"  
—Exchange.

The New York Sun recently published the following sketch of Puccini's new opera:

A long and enthusiastic letter from Giacomo Puccini, which reached David Belasco from Italy a day or two ago, contains the interesting information that the composer's new opera, "La Fanciulla dell'Occidente," is rapidly nearing completion, and in all probability will be ready for production at Covent Garden, London, early next season. The fact that "La Fanciulla" is merely "The Girl of the Golden West" in operatic guise makes the news of decided interest to both American theatre and opera-goers. Puccini writes in the most glowing terms of his new work and goes so far as to declare that in it he has found a theme which will give him far greater scope than "Madam Butterfly." One novelty in the opera will be the absence of a chorus during all the acts except the last. The story follows the play very closely. The first act occurs in the barroom, the second in the girl's mountain cabin and the scene of the game of cards and the hero's blood dropping from the loft on the sheriff's handkerchief are to be made, if possible, quite as dramatic from an operatic standpoint as they were originally in the Belasco drama. The schoolroom scene is omitted entirely and the story jumps from the mountain cabin to the scene in the foothills, where the Girl bids a final adieu to her beloved California. The Girl's final line: "Oh, my moun-

tains! Oh, my California!" Puccini is making into the greatest aria of the opera. In this scene there will also be a big chorus of miners; though how the Italian composer is going to work them into particulars is not explained. Jack Rance, the sheriff, is to be sung by a bass, and the chances are that if either Pol Plancon or Edouard de Reszke will consent to get a clean shave and let his beard go by the board one or the other of them will have an opportunity to create this role. If Caruso is chosen to play Johnson, the road agent, he will have to do a little banting, of course, but the nightly run up and down the mountain from the bar to the Girl's hut ought to have a splendidly reducing effect upon his figure. The role of the Girl was promised to Geraldine Farrar over a year ago, and when she sailed for Europe the other day she carried with her as a present from Mr. Belasco, not only the original script of the play of "Madam Butterfly," but the original prompt book of "The Girl of the Golden West" as well.  
CHERUBINO.

## A Western Salon

WITHIN a stone's throw of three of the principal banks of the city, up a short flight of stairs, on Saturday nights, if you are of the elect, you may find an evening of Bohemian enjoyment, where a merry round-up of doctors, lawyers, lonely Englishmen, and other strays foregather about the interesting personality of the hostess.

If you are in luck you may have been asked to dinner, in which case you have had an air of puzzling out now it was possible to have concocted such a well-cooked repast amid such tiny quarters. If the tender birds you have just finished to help punish were roasted on the premises, you ask yourself, whither has floated the inevitable roasting aroma? These green peas, the new potatoes in their white blanket sauce, the delicious clotted cream and peaches, where, under the low-hung ceiling, were they prepared, when you know there is but one stove and that, a heater, in the cosy quarters, until your reverie is interrupted by the presiding genius of the feast asking you to please pass your cream plate back for a banana, as there are only a certain number of plates available, and they are all in commission.

If you are a newcomer to the flat and are curious, you may later solve the dinner puzzle. The solution is Song Lee's little Chinese restaurant around the corner, whence emerges a celestial boy and a capacious basket.

The black coffee of course presents no difficulties, a cooking heater is, after all, one of the comforts of life.

Over the fragrant brew, tastier and more enjoyable because you actually witness its preparation, conversation is sure to be pregnant with a delicious intimacy and good-fellowship. In no place does so-called Society meet the Lonies on such familiar terms as when seated on an operating table in a doctor's Bohemia, or stretched on the cosy corner which serves as a bed at night, in one of these jolly little flats. The broadest minds of the one stretch out in a community of interests to the other, and such an evening of common enjoyment follows as seems impossible where a drawing room and the usual formal conditions are concerned.

You may be a judge of the Supreme Court or you may be a "younger son" at work on a railway construction camp; if you are doing your part in the up-building of the country, and are a gentleman, by instincts or breeding it is all one, in this western salon. It is "please, help carry the cups out to the dining-room-pantry kitchen," and "See, who's at the 'phone."

There is no set method of entertaining in Western Bohemia. Those who talk well naturally do their turn, but everyone finds something to say or do.

You couldn't crowd a piano into the rooms if you had the price to buy one, but a good gramophone fits in well in the corner of the bedroom.

Across the hall it isn't hard to imagine that you are in a London music-hall and that Harry Lauder is actually before you, rendering his inimitable songs instead of a great black bell tube substitute, which is vibrating to his echo.

Half the men present have heard and seen the world-famous divas whose songs at this Out-Post-of-Empire are even now ringing forth in the little dusky bedroom, but the songs are none the less enjoyable if the chords of memory do tug a bit at the heart strings, recalling the

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dear dead days that are now seemingly passed away for ever.

But now the singing of them carries one back, and now certain songs and people associate themselves in our minds, even as a flower, a perfume, or a book are on the instant suggestive of some particular entity, which at one time or another made a more or less deep impression on one's life.

"I want no star in Heaven to guide me." The man over in the corner of the room has closed his eyes forgetful of everything save the girl "back home" who once sang it to him.

"Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling" calls up to another a boy in a mining camp, since dead, who used to sing it, to quote his pal, "like the very devil." And so we listen and whisper, until lights are turned up to allow of our glancing over some English papers just in. The English papers! How many "mothers' sons" of old Britain, all over the world, daily stand up and call them blessed. The home papers! Here's to them.

"I see there's a new opera on," says the wandering descendant of an old Irish peerage. "My word, but I'd give a five pound note to be there."

The Lineal Descendant is at present engaged helping build a cement pier on the bridge, and earns his five pounds very much by the sweat of his brow, and no matter.

"Hooroo!" exclaims another, "Ranji's chalked up one more century."

Just over the little desk, hangs an old steel engraving of General Sir — by —, "my paternal uncle," the hostess informs you, as she sees you regarding it. But all about the room are speaking evidences of the notability of the family in their ancestral home.

Perhaps sometimes the bright-eyed little Queen of the Salon, looks back a bit regretfully, if so her guests are never permitted to know it. As Dr. Pringle, the Yukon agitator has it, "for pluck and daring the Englishmen up North have us all beaten hands down." And yet how much better than being the mere descendant of a brave man to have a hand in the fight yourself. If blood tells, then blood shouldn't count, heirs of all the ages, is it fitting that we sit by with idle hands? "Clay lies still, but blood's a rover; Breath's a ware that will not keep. Up, lad, when the journey's over There'll be time enough to sleep."

As we say good-night we grasp the hand of the small woman, with a firm and sympathetic grasp. Say what you will of us, it's what a man is, not what he's been that still counts out West.—Peggy in The Saturday News, Edmonton.

"I guess paw must have passed a lot of time at the dentist's when he was in New York," said Johnny Green. "Why do you think so?" queried his ma. "Cause I heard him tell a man to-day that it cost him nearly \$300 to get his eyeteeth cut," replied Johnny.—Chicago News.

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## ANEC DOTAL

THE colored boy was up in the children's court for the fifth time on charges of chicken stealing. This time the magistrate decided to appeal to the boy's father. "Now, see here, Abe," said he to the old darky, "this boy of yours has been up in court so many times for stealing chickens that I'm sick of seeing him here!" "Ah don' blame you, sah," returned the father; "ah's sick ob seein' 'm hyah, too." "Then why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way and he won't be coming here!" "Ah has showed 'im de right way, sah," declared the old man earnestly; "ah has suttently showed 'im de right way, but he somehow keep gittin' caught comin' 'way wid dose chickens!"

BASEBALL is a chronic complaint of Senator Crane. When he was governor of Massachusetts he took his entire staff out for a drive, and surprised them by having the rigs pull up at an open field and announcing there was to be a baseball game. Two nines were chosen and the game began. Pretty soon somebody came along the road. "What teams are they?" he asked one of the drivers. "Why, that man pitching is the governor of Massachusetts," the driver replied. "The one catching is the lieutenant-governor. The first baseman is a congressman, the second baseman is the judge-advocate-general." "Say," interrupted the passer-by, "perhaps you would like to know who I am. I'm Napoleon Bonaparte."

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Joe is very fond of Bible stories, and evidently follows the example of his best-beloved hero as to meditation "in the night watches."

He waked his mother one night, after midnight, with the question—"Mama, where is David now?"

"In heaven, I guess, Joe."

"Will I go to heaven when I die?"

"I hope so, Joe."

"Mama," (the little voice was very eager now), "dou s'pose when I get there David will just let me hold his sling-shot a little while?"

AN amusing story is told of a retired Lancashire manufacturer who owns a beautiful house surrounded by several acres, and takes great delight in donning shabby clothes and working in the garden.

One day a fashionably-dressed woman, who had never seen him, called on his wife.

No one answered the bell, so she walked out among the flower-beds, where the millionaire was hoeing some geraniums. He bowed, and she asked him how long he had worked for the Johnsons.

"A good many years, madam," he replied.

"Do they pay you well?"

"About all I get out of it is my clothes and keep."

"Why, come and work for me," she said; "I'll do that, and pay you so much a month besides."

"I thank you, madam," he replied, bowing very low, "but I signed on with Mrs. Johnson for life."

"Why, no such contract is binding; that is slavery."

"Some may call it that, but I have always called it marriage."

LIKE most ministers' families, they were not extensively blessed with this world's goods. She, however, was the youngest of ten children until her father explained to her of the baby sister who had come in the night. "Well," she said, after due thought, "I 'pose it's all right, papa, but there's many a thing we needed worse."

CABMAN having just received the smallest fee the law allows, wished to say something withering. "Would you mind," he asked politely, "walking around the other way and not passing in front of the horse?"

"Why?" she asked.

"Because if 'e sees wot 'e's been carrying for a shilling he'll 'ave a fit."

AMONG the deacons of a Presbyterian church in an Ohio town was a good old gentleman familiarly known as "Uncle Thomas." Although too deaf to hear, he was always in his accustomed seat at church, and his zeal in religious work was untiring. Owing to a shortage of song-books in the Sabbath-school some additional ones were ordered by "Uncle Thomas," who apprised the pastor of their arrival, and the latter agreed to announce the fact from the pulpit on Sunday morning.

The pastor made the promised announcement among others, concluding with this one:

"Parents wishing their children baptized will please present them at the close of the service."

The good deacon jumped to his feet, and, in the loud voice peculiar to the deaf, bawled out, "Those who haven't one can get them at my house for fifty cents apiece!"

As "Uncle Thomas" and his wife had always been childless, this startling information almost broke up the meeting and a wave of merriment swept the congregation that threatened to shake the church from its foundation.

WILLIE BROWN was the proud proprietor of a small hen, which one day laid an egg. It was so very small, however, that Willie was greatly disappointed. His father, who kept a lot of curios in the house, had some fine specimens of the ostrich egg, one of which was found to be missing. Willie was taxed with the theft of the egg and asked where he had put it.

The boy pleaded guilty, and led his father to the house where he kept his small hen. Inside, opposite the nest, the father was astonished to find the missing ostrich egg, with the following notice posted over it: "Watch this, and do your best!"

GERMAN-AMERICAN who had recently arrived at the estate of riches attended his first banquet. The wine was particularly vile, and so several gentlemen who were seated near the German were quite satisfied to have him empty the bottles that had been set apart for their common use. Neither the quality nor the quantity of the wine in the least disturbed the Teuton, and, after draining the last glass, he looked around jovially and said, "Shentlemen, I haf now drunken all your wine, and safed you the trouble of trinking vat you did not like. I tink you ought to vote me a public tank." They did.

THE English spoken by the Pennsylvania Dutch, as the inhabitants of certain districts in the eastern part of the State are popularly known, affords some rare specimens of expression. A man who was passing a small house on the outskirts of "Sous Besslem"—that is the nearest possible spelling of the local pronunciation—heard the daughter of the family calling her brother in to supper. "George," she said, "you come right in, now. Pa's on the table, and ma's half et!"

A COLORED lady was sitting inside a street car with a big basket full of clothes on her head. The conductor came in and said: "Lady, you can't come inside with that on your head."

The colored lady only looked up and said: "G'long. Dat's ma merry widow."

DR. McNAMARA, a member of the British Parliament, tells of a school-teacher who was endeavoring to convey the idea of pity to the members of his class. He illustrated it. "Now, supposing," he said, "a man working on the river bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene, boys and girls. The man's sudden fall, the cry for help. His wife, knowing his peril and hearing his screams, rushed immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?" After a pause a small boy piped forth: "Please, sir, to draw his insurance money."

THE other night, when a Bryn Mawr man was putting his four-year-old daughter to bed the following dialogue took place:

"Can God hear what I say now?" from the daughter.

"Yes," replied the father.

This time in a whisper: "Did he hear then?" inquired the daughter.

"Yes. He hears you just the same," was the reply.

This time apparently lower: "Did He hear me then," asked the child.

"Why, yes, of course He does," said the father.

"Well, I did not say anything that time at all," declared the child in triumph.

A GREAT many people will sympathize with the opinion of Little Willie. He had hard work keeping awake one Sunday at church, and later on, being asked how he liked the sermon he replied: "Well, the beginning was good, and so was the end, but there was too much middle."

WE often hear of young men full of promise. Here is a case of one who soon realized his destiny: "Give me a little time," said the literary young man, "and I will do something to arouse the country."

Three months later he had his chance. He was peddling alarm clocks in a farming community.

ONCE Mr. Gladstone had been cutting down a tree in the presence of a large concourse of people, including a number of "cheap trippers." When the tree had fallen, and the Prime Minister and some of his family who were with him were moving away there was a rush for the chips. One of the trippers secured a big piece, and exclaimed: "Hey, lads, when I dee, this shall go in my coffin." Then cried his wife, a shrewd, motherly old woman, with a merry twinkle in her eye: "Sam, my lad, if thou worship God as thou worships Gladstone, thou'd stand a better chance of going where thy chip wouldna burn."

A LADY, accompanied by her small son, was making various purchases at the army and navy stores in London. The boy grew tired.

"Who are you buying those for?" he asked.

"Why, for father," was the reply. "Father in heaven or father in India?" the boy persisted.

The lady mentioned the remark to a friend, who, thinking it amusing, repeated it to an Englishwoman at church a few days later. The Englishwoman listened sympathetically, "Poor woman!" she sighed. "She was married twice."

MR. EMIL MENKEN, the well known bookseller of Great Russell street, whose death has just occurred, at the age of 62, counted Mr. Gladstone among his customers, and had an extensive collection of his catalogues marked with the orders of the statesman, who always insisted on discount cash.

Apocryph of Mr. Gladstone's orders, it is stated, The Times says, that a bookseller who exhibited one of these catalogues in his window was once accosted by a pronounced Tory with the remark:

"I see you've got a list marked by Gladstone's initials in the window." Then, lowering his voice, he fiercely demanded, "Does he pay you?"

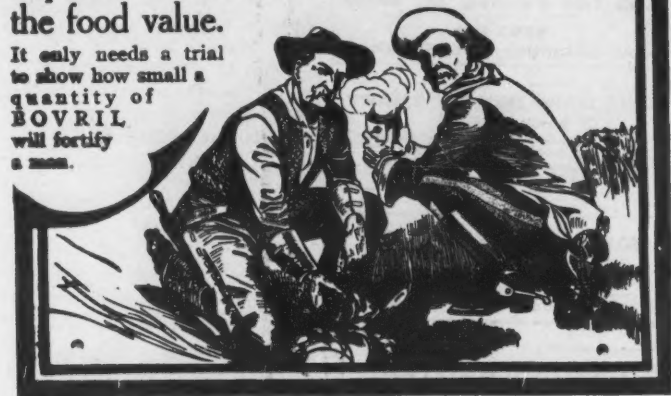
GENERAL DABNEY H. MAURY tells in his "Recollections of a Virginian" of an old lady in Fredericksburg who was reduced to taking in boarders in order to make both ends meet. On one occasion of peculiar stress, the larder was so empty that the good lady took to her bed and summoned her servant. "Nancy," she said, "there's nothing in the house for my boarders to eat except mush. But give them that. If they are Christians, they will accept it in resignation and thankfulness. And if they are not Christians it is a deal too good for them."

There is only one

## BOVRIL

A dash of BOVRIL in canned meats improves the flavor and increases the food value.

It only needs a trial to show how small a quantity of BOVRIL will fortify a man.



## IT COSTS YOU NOTHING

to pay a visit of inspection to our galleries. Spend as long as you like, admiring the Rare old Silver and China. — you will not be bothered to purchase.

B. M. & T. JENKINS, 422-424 Yonge St.  
ANTIQUE GALLERIES



## MacLEOD, Men's Tailor

452 Yonge St (Yonge and College)

A service unsurpassed at any price, and only equalled elsewhere at considerably higher charges.

Every Garment Hand Tailored by the individual system.

Evening Dress and Frock Suits a specialty

## SHREDDED WHEAT

Here's a Real Summer Delight—  
SHREDDED WHEAT

with milk or cream and fresh fruits. Discard heavy foods and try this natural diet for a time and note how your energies will increase and your spirits revive.

NOURISHING WITHOUT BEING HEATING  
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

## WHEAT



## THE RACE

for wealth is generally won by the well dressed man. He is not handicapped by a slovenly appearance. Appearances sometimes carry success with them. You can keep neat and natty and be successful if you are one of our subscribers.

"My Valet" FOUNTAIN THE TAILOR Cleaner and Presser of Clothes  
80-82-84 Adelaide West - - - Phones Main 5605, 5601.

SAMUEL RAE & CO.'S (Estab. 1836) FINEST, SUBLIME

## PURE OLIVE OIL

from Choice Olives, grown and pressed in Tuscany, is prescribed by physicians for

Indigestion, Run Down Systems, Consumption, Thinness, Etc.

A wonderful fleshbuilder—used largely by trained nurses and hospitals. Write to KYLE & HOOPER, Sole Canadian Agents, 73 Front St. East Toronto, for sample bottle—sent free on request.



**START WELL**  
BY USING  
**SYMINGTON'S**  
EDINBURGH  
**COFFEE**  
**ESSENCE**  
TO...  
**BREAKFAST**

**Wedding Cakes**  
from WEBB'S are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.  
They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada; safe arrival guaranteed.  
Illustrated Catalogue Free  
**The Harry Webb Co.**  
Limited  
447 Yonge St., Toronto

**Shur-On Eye-glasses**  
WE DO NOT  
Always prescribe glasses to improve the vision, but to relieve the over expenditure of nervous energy, through the eyes.  
LET US EXAMINE YOURS  
**The Culverhouse Optical Co.**  
6 Richmond St. E.  
**Shur-On Eye-glasses**

**CATERING**  
For Banquets, Weddings, Parties, Social Tea etc., a specialty. (First-class service guaranteed. Estimates given).  
**ROBT. J. LLOYD & CO.**  
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Phone N. 3026, N. 127

**"MAGI"**  
Caledonia Water  
From Bed-Rock to your table.  
Untouched—untainted.  
Sparkling—delicious.  
Bottled at the springs in sterilized bottles.  
Caledonia Springs Co., Ltd., Caledonia Springs, Ont.  
Toronto Depot: Main 4300  
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**BREDIN'S**  
HOME-MADE  
BREAD  
The quality comes to the loaf through the goodness of the flours used.  
The purity of the other ingredients and the "know how" in the baker's skill.  
Ask the delivery man for a loaf.  
5 cents.  
At your grocer's,  
Or direct from the  
Bredin Bake Shops, 160-164 Avenue Road, Phone North 151.

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS GREY was among the passengers sailing for England by the SS. Victorian yesterday, also Lady Sybil Grey, Sir Reginald Talbot, K.C.B., Governor of Victoria, Australia, Lady Talbot, M. Talbot, A.D.C., Capt. Fife and Capt. Newton, A.D.C.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Greig, and family, of Parkdale, have taken a cottage at Morton Park for a month.

Mrs. Warren Burton and Miss Hilda Burton are at Woodlinton, Muskoka.

Miss Lucille Graham and Miss Margaret Scott, Hamilton, are guests of Mrs. F. J. Phillips on Lake Rosseau. Miss Graham's marriage takes place this year.

Mrs. and Miss Brasier are spending a couple of weeks in Montreal.

Mr. Albert Austin was the host of a very enjoyable small luncheon at the Lambton Golf Club recently, when the guests included General and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, Lord Bruce, Mrs. Scott Griffin and the Misses Mackenzie.

Miss Hilda Cayley is the guest of Mrs. Macdonald in Goderich.

Mr. E. H. Bickford and Mr. Oscar Bickford went over to Niagara on Saturday in time for the dance and enjoyed some runs over the perfect roads in Mr. Eddie Bickford's car. Mr. Oscar Bickford has just returned from Muskoka, where he repeated his exploits of former years by carrying off prizes in the swimming and diving competitions of the recent regatta. Mr. Henri Suydam is another ardent motorist at the Queen's just now and takes out numbers of jolly parties, on Sunday afternoon; the seat of honor in his car was occupied by Mrs. Charles, of New Orleans, a fascinating southerner, who is staying at the Queen's with her pretty dark-eyed daughter. Mrs. Suydam occupied the tonneau with Mr. Fraser Macdonald and Mrs. Leonard MacMurray, who is spending the summer at the hotel with her mother, Mrs. Andrew Smith, who holds quite a little court in the royal suite, where she receives her numerous friends and relations. Mr. and Mrs. Curry and their son and daughter, who are spending six weeks, are looking forward to the arrival of their fine six-cylinder Napier, which has been in hospital for some time as the result of an inopportune meeting with a telegraph post on the Kingston road. Mrs. Curry's dainty figure and toilettes are greatly admired on the porch during the day, and she and her pretty young daughter, Irene, are among the most popular partners at the hops in the Casino. Mr. Ross Curry is adding very much to the enjoyment of the young people by his clever playing of popular music, for which he has that special gift denied to many musicians. Mr. William E. Philp, whose beautiful tenor voice is well known to the habitués of the Queen's Royal, has been over from Youngstown a number of times lately and is always obligingly, ready to sing either in the drawing room or at the Golf Club, his delightful rendering of Myrrah being frequently given by special request. Mr. Philp gave a more formal concert, followed by a dance, in the Casino on Thursday evening, when he was assisted by Miss Moon, whose voice is as charming as her face, and who has made many friends in Niagara during her stay with the Misses McGill, who have a cottage this year and have also been entertaining their sister, Mrs. Bickford. A large crowd was present at the concert, even filling the verandahs round the Casino, of which the acoustic properties are as perfect as the floor, which is saying a good deal, as the said floor is pronounced by connoisseurs to be the best ever, and of the kind which calls forth the remark, "He waltzes like an angel, my dear!" in regard to the most mediocre dancers.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club's fortnightly dance takes place next Tuesday and the I. A. A. weekly hop is the event of Friday evening.

Miss Lillian Crowther, Miss Lena Coady, Miss Madeleine Walker, Miss Marjorie Malcolm and Miss Muriel Bicknell are among the pretty Toronto girls at Caledonia, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith have returned from a visit to Mrs. Irving Smith in Montreal.

General Otter and Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, of Toronto, are among the visitors at Pointe Au Pic.

The Hon. A. B. Aylesworth was at the Windsor in Montreal this week before sailing for England.

Torontonians in Cobourg recently were: Mr. Alfred D. Beardmore, Mr. F. A. Drake, Mr. G. M. Higginbotham, Mr. and Mrs. George Gillies, Mr. Allan Case, Mr. C. Fellowes, Mr. Elvina Pringle, Miss Langmuir, Dr. W. A. Young, Mr. Alf. Rogers, Mr. Hugh Wilson, Mr. Miles, Mr. Robin, Mr. Jack Burnett, Mr. George Armour, Mrs. Simmons and Mrs. and Miss Skill, who have returned to their home after spending some time in Toronto. Madame Diaz-Albertini was the hostess of a large bridge party of fourteen tables at the Arlington recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayter-Reid are at Caledonia Springs for a time.

Judge and Mrs. Longley dined at the Grange with Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin-Smith one day last week, when they were en route to their home in Halifax from the Georgian Bay. Sir Richard Cartwright was also a guest at the Grange last week, dining and staying overnight.

The Canadian Independent Telephone Association will meet in Toronto on Wednesday, September 9.

Sir George Newnes, the celebrated publisher, accompanied by Lady Newnes, has arrived in New York by the Mauretania.

The most enjoyable event of the Lambton Golf Club's tournament was the large dance which took place at the pretty club house on Thursday evening. The wide verandahs were festooned with Japanese lanterns and when the electric lights suddenly failed, the soft light of candles, hurriedly procured, cast a most becoming

light over the fair dancers and their partners in the oak panelled hall. Several dinners were given before the dance, some of those entertaining being Mr. A. F. Rodger, Mr. G. C. Gale, Lt.-Col. J. T. Davidson, Mr. C. S. Murray, Mr. C. S. Band, Miss Suckling, Mr. M. T. Morgan, Mr. E. G. Fitzgerald, Mr. F. H. Deacon and Mr. William Southam. A few at the dance were Mrs. C. W. Band, Mrs. Maude Band, Miss Lois Duggan, Mr. David Dick, Mr. Robert Laidlaw, Mr. Charlie Band, Mr. and Mrs. S. Southam, Miss Violet Watson, and Mr. Gordon Southam, all of Hamilton; the Misses Haney, Mrs. Bostwick, Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Rousseau Kleiser, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Murray, Miss Hennessey, Boston; Mr. Charlie Murray, Miss Muriel Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Tilley, Mr. Julian Sale, Mr. Frank Allan, Miss Abbee Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Rodger.

Gen. Baden-Powell, Sir John Sinclair, Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P., and the Rev. Charles Scadding, were among the passengers sailing for Canada by the Empress of Britain, on August the seventh.

Mr. George H. Gooderham and Mr. Mark Howard Irish returned by automobile this week, after enjoying some excellent fishing in the Bay of Quinte.

Mr. Arthur Meredith has returned from Lake Rosseau, where he carried off several prizes at the recent regatta in front of the Royal Muskoka. Mr. Victor Goad has returned from Kingston.

Miss Hilda Clarkson has returned from Beaconsfield, where she was the guest of her cousins, the Misses Draper, who gave a bonfire party in her honor among other entertainments.

The Rev. Dr. Mackay is at Cap a l'Aigle.

The Hon. R. L. Borden and Mrs. Borden are at Kennebec Beach for the summer, also Mrs. and the Misses Pearson, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kyrie, with their son and daughter, have left for Temagami.

Mr. F. Ansley and Mr. R. S. Higgins visited Montreal recently.

Mr. George H. Wilks, of Brantford, accompanied by Dr. O'Reilly sailed for England last week.

Mr. Oliver Adams is in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beardmore returned from England by the SS. Tunisian, last week and are in Montreal.

Lord Strathcona sailed for England by the Empress of Britain last week.

The Saturday evening dance at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, last week was one of the most successful ever held in the Casino, the scene of so many enjoyable entertainments. The crowd equalled, if not exceeded, that of the military ball in camp time, and the refreshingly cool evening and numerous sitting-out places obviated all over crowding, so that the floor was just comfortably filled all through the dance for the spirited two-steps and dreamy waltzes, in which latter dance the present orchestra especially excelled. There were so many Toronto people at the hop that it seemed impossible to believe that one was out at a city dance and all the Toronto girls over certainly had the time of their lives, besides introducing the boys from home to the many pretty Americans present, the most fascinating of whom was Miss Maclean, of New York, who is one of those who feel the charm of the Queen's Royal most keenly and who returns summer after summer to enjoy the golf and other attractions. Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, who were over for the week end, accompanied by her fine boy and Mr. Norman Cosby, attended the dance, also Mr. Herbert Locke, who was the guest of Mr. Bruce Macdonald and who returned to Niagara for another flying visit to-day, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, who are at the Oban, Mrs. and the Misses Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Curry, Mr. and Mrs. Cory, Mr. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Heward, Miss Flora Garrett, who looked very pretty in a pink ball gown, Miss Mary Garrett, Miss Lou Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Inglis, Mr. and Mrs. Suydam and their sons, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Thompson, the Messrs. Thompson, Mr. Ina, Mr. Hutton and many other well known people too numerous to mention. Bridge seems to have caught on in earnest at the Queen's and is the order of every evening, not to mention the morning and afternoon, when tables are set on the breezy verandahs or under the trees, where the lovely view of Fort Niagara would distract any but the most ardent bridge-fiend. On Sunday evening there was a great gathering for the orchestral concert, which is quite a feature of Niagara life on Sundays, and the crowd which listened breathlessly to the music was well repaid by the short programme which comprised every type of music from the delicate ripple of Mendelssohn's Spring Song to the stately rhythm of the Pilgrim Chorus from Tannhauser, which faded into the appealing strains of "Star of Eve." Perhaps the most telling number on the programme was Schumann's exquisite Traumerlei, of which the tender cadences were particularly effective when heard out on the verandah, where the dark sapphire sky jeweled with stars fades into the mysterious lake traversed by quivering paths of silver from the lights across the river, and the full moon climbing from a dark bank of cloud transformed the scene into an enchanted land of dreamlike beauty. The Hon. J. J. Foy and his three bright daughters, who have been spending a week in Temagami have returned by private car and the "Foy Girls" are being welcomed back to the scene of their conquests in the Casino where they are always rated amongst the belles. Great excitement is being caused by the preparations for the fancy dress ball which will be given by the Queen's on the twentieth, young and old racking their brains to think of new costumes, beautiful or original; a confetti ball, always a popular feature is in the wind for some evening this month and the annual dances of International tennis week (the twenty-fifth of August), are being looked forward to with great pleasure. Mrs. Greiner was the hostess of a luncheon at her pretty summer home on Monday, the guests afterwards indulging in the inevitable game of bridge. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas took a jolly party to Port Dalhousie in their yacht the "Butterfly" last week.

During July and August, we close daily at 5 p.m.  
Saturdays at 1 p.m.

## WOMEN'S HIGH GRADE SHOES

Our shoe section is now well established on the second floor, and most of our customers express their approval by coming up stairs to this department where the crowd is not so great, and where there is more light and better facilities. We have a great deal more space here, and consequently are able to carry a larger and better assorted stock. We keep only the best makes from well known manufacturers. No woman would consider herself dressed if she did not have a perfect fitting attractive pair of shoes. A few of our fall styles are now in and more will be arriving in a few days.

Oxford ties are, of course, still popular and will be for some time to come, so Monday we offer a special sale of women's shoes, made by some of the best American manufacturers in tan calf, patent kid, and colt, gun metal and vici kid with light hand turn and Good-year welt soles. These are some of our best and most expensive shoes, but as the season is nearly over, we will clear them for, a pair ..... \$3.15

**W.A. Murray & Co. Limited**  
170 St. King St. East  
1010 20 Colborne St.  
Toronto

## SUMMER FATIGUE CURED AT COOK'S TURKISH and RUSSIAN BATHS

The pores being thoroughly cleansed of obnoxious perspiration and effete matter, the system then becomes charged with fresh, pure oxygen, so that one enjoys a hot day without becoming fatigued.  
A swim in the Cool Marble Swimming Bath is very refreshing.  
Open day and night with excellent sleeping accommodation and rooms.  
A dainty bill of fare served at all hours.

**COOK'S TURKISH and RUSSIAN BATHS, 202 and 204 King St. West, - TORONTO**

## Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission.

### Tenders for Mining Lease.

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Mining Lease," will be received at the office of the Commission, 25 Toronto Street, Toronto, up to twelve o'clock noon on Wednesday the sixteenth day of September, 1908, for mining leases for 999 years of the following parcels:

**PARCEL 1.**—The Cobalt station grounds, comprising 13 acres, more or less, the right of way adjoining the station grounds to the south containing 1.15 acres, more or less, and the right of way to the north of the station grounds and comprising 2.65 acres, more or less, all as shown on plan which may be inspected at the office of the Commission, Toronto, and the office of the Mining Engineer, Cobalt.

**PARCEL 2.**—The westerly portion of Lot 44 in the Township of Cobalt, containing 4.04 acres, more or less, as shown by another plan which may be inspected at the office of the Commission, Toronto, and the office of the Mining Engineer, Cobalt.

**PARCEL 3.**—Lots 328, 328 and 329 in the Township of Cobalt, including the mining rights under one-half the streets adjoining said lots.  
An accepted cheque upon a chartered Bank of Canada, payable to the order of Chairman and Secretary-Treasurer of the Commission, for the amount of the cash bonus tendered for such lease must accompany each tender.

Forms of tender and of proposed leases (reserving a rental of \$1.00 per annum plus 25 per cent. of the gross value at the mouth of the mine of all ore mined) and full information and plans showing location of each parcel may be examined at the office of the Commission in Toronto, and the office of the Mining Engineer, Cobalt.

All tenders must be made on the form supplied by the Commission for the purpose, and signed with the actual signatures of the parties tendering.

In case of each parcel the party whose tender is accepted will be required to promptly execute a lease in form satisfactory to the Commission, failing which his deposit will be absolutely forfeited to the Commission.

The cheques sent in by unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them.

The Commission does not bind itself to accept the highest or any tender.

A. J. McGEE,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, 8th August, 1908.

Papers inserting this advertisement without authority will not be paid for it.

## LARGE FAMILY WASHINGS

Special Rates and  
Careful Work

**Yorkville Laundry**  
47 Elm Street  
Phone Main 1550

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Removed by the New Principle

**De Miracle**  
a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free. In plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for \$1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1912 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and  
**The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited**  
TORONTO

## CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

Aug. 29-TORONTO-Sept. 14

The Greatest Annual Exhibition in the World

Every Province Sends Its Products  
**\$100,000.00 For Prizes and in Attractions**  
Nearly 750,000 People Attend

## GRAND ART LOAN COLLECTION

From the Paris Salon and other European Galleries.

## INTERNATIONAL MILITARY TATTOO

Realistic Spectacle

## THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL

With 900 Performers

## MARVELOUS FIREWORKS DISPLAY

Upwards of 300 Musicians

## MASSED BAND CONCERTS

Each and Every Evening

## TWENTIETH INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW

SIXTH ANNUAL CAT SHOW

Cheap Fares From Everywhere



## Nature is the best Doctor

Nothing so strengthening and sustaining in all kinds of weather—outdoors or indoors—as the whole wheat.

### "FORCE"

is the "predigested energy" of wheat and barley. Try it for breakfast.



"FORCE" is made of the best whole wheat, steam-cooked, rolled into thin flakes, combined with the purest barley-malt and baked. Always "crisp" it before serving it by pouring it into a pan and warming it in oven.

Your Grocer sells it  
No other Flaked Food is "Just as Good"

## A Habit of Health

You don't have to think about brushing your teeth every morning. It's a habit of health. It should be the same in regard to taking

**Abbey's**  
Effervescent Salt  
25c and 50c a bottle.



Genuine  
Sea Lion  
Traveling Bags  
For Prizes  
Presentations  
and  
Wedding Gifts

We guarantee that the coarse grain on all our Sea Lions is natural, positively NOT embossed. The natural grain makes a much richer bag, and does not grow shabby like the stamped grain.

Prices according to sizes and styles.

\$11.00 to \$50.00

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UNDERTAKER  
Telephone North 284. 182 W. Bloor St.

**E. HOPKINS BURIAL CO.**  
(E. Hopkins) UNDERTAKERS  
282 YONGE STREET

Some Torontonians at the Royal Muskoka are: Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bull, Miss Edna Bull, Mrs. C. D. Darwe, Mr. and Mrs. F. Baker, Mr. F. J. Phillips, Mr. J. S. Playfair, Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Pearce, the Misses Cowan, Mr. Grant Brown, Miss Catherine Proctor, Mr. Matthew W. Clemens, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Vogt.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ida A. Hastings to Mr. Walter R. Hamilton, Dawson, Yukon. The marriage will take place at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hastings, Nantyr, Ontario.

## SOCIETY

THE visit of Lord Lovat, hereditary chief of the Clan Fraser, has been the principal event of the past week in Toronto. Lord Lovat arrived by motor-car, accompanied by Sir Keith Alexander Fraser and Mr. Alexander Fraser, with whom he stayed at Woodlawn avenue. On Monday Lord Lovat lunched with the Catholic Union of Canada, and was officially welcomed at the City Hall in the afternoon. In the evening the Clan Fraser gave a dinner in his honor at the St. Charles, and on Tuesday he left to stay with Senator Gibson at Beamsville en route to the Falls, Buffalo and New York. On his return from Canada Lord Lovat will remain for the shooting season at Beaufort Castle, which he is keeping in his own hands for the first time in many years, it having been rented at different times to Lord Wimborne, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Sir Lucas Tootle. There will be a large family gathering at Beaufort this autumn, as Lord Lovat's sister, Mrs. Francis Lindley and her husband, who is First Secretary at Tokio, are home from Japan on a holiday, and his youngest brother, Mr. Alastair Fraser, who is manager of an important gold mine in Rhodesia, is also on his way home and will be at Beaufort for some weeks.

Mrs. Wilson, of Niagara Falls, was in town on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. George Eakins have left for Montreal, Quebec and other points on the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Armand Laverne is in town from Montreal.

Mr. F. R. Price and Mr. F. A. Rogers are in Montreal.

Mr. Albert Nordheimer was among the guests at the Royal Muskoka last week, also Mrs. George Bryson (Ottawa), who has been staying at Mrs. Meade's, on the Island for some time, and was one of the most popular partners at the R.C.Y.C. dances recently, and also stayed at Cloverlawn, the beautiful summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Massey, who returned from the Royal last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLeod, of Crescent Road, returned to town this week, also Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hodgins. Tennis and golf remain very popular at the Royal, the tennis court being in constant request, and a match having been arranged with the guests from Maplehurst. Mrs. Chandler, of Chicago, made the golf course in 43 this week and Mr. E. S. Glasco succeeded in establishing a new record of 35 during a tournament.

At the Argonaut Rowing Club's dance on Monday evening the feature of the entertainment was the Barn dance, which was performed for the first time in Toronto and scored an instantaneous success with the guests, a few of whom were: Miss Birdie Luttrell, Miss Gardiner, Miss Collins (Detroit), Miss Tolchard, Miss Marie Hohlstein, Miss Paterson, Miss McRoberts, Miss Fulton, Miss Loscombe, Miss Bonnick, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Case, Mr. Dodds, Mr. J. S. Bigley, Mr. Clarence Miller, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Cutler, Mr. H. Monahan, Mr. Jim Cosgrave, Mr. William Laird, Mr. Voorhees, Mr. Herbert Locke, Mr. Frank Fulton, Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. Keefer, Mr. Lionel Hoskins, Mr. Art Hutchins, Mr. Balfour and many others.

The Penetanguishene Hotel is holding its annual regatta and fancy dress ball on Saturday, August 15. The regatta will consist mainly of swimming, canoe and boat races, tilting, diving, contests and burlesque races. This will be an international affair, as American guests will be competing against Canadian. The ladies are busy thinking out their costumes for the evening, all trying to be a prize winner as well as being original. Mrs. Dee-Becker, from St. Louis, will appear in a very original costume. Fraulein Heinrich gave a piano recital on Monday, August 10, which was very pleasing and well patronized. Mr. Geo. L. Farrell arrived from Pittsburgh Monday night and will remain for the balance of the season. Mr. and Mrs. Boggs and Miss Boggs, from Newark, N.J., will stay a few days and then proceed further north. Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Pearson arrived on Monday and will remain for some time. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McKittrick, St. Louis, Mo., arrived on Tuesday morning. Other arrivals are: Mrs. J. O. Thomas, Oakland, Md.; Mrs. Clarence Brenizer, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. DeLeon, Cincinnati, O.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Miller, Little Rock, Ark.

**BIRTHS.**  
BARCLAY—At Brampton, Aug. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. William Walker Barclay, a son.  
HILLIAR—At Weyburn, Sask., Aug. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hilliar, a daughter.  
MORIN—In Toronto, Aug. 2, to M. and Mme. Hercule Morin, Jr., Huntley St., a son.  
DONALD—In Toronto, Aug. 7, to Major and Mrs. Duncan Donald, a daughter.  
FERGUSON—At Lindsay, Ont., Aug. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Ferguson, a daughter.  
WOOD—In Montreal, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wood, a daughter.

**MARRIAGES.**  
HELM—FORREST—At "Ingleside," Mount Albert, Ont., Aug. 6, Florence, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robt. Forrest, to Walter J. Helm, of Port Hope, Ont.

SELBY—REAGH—At St. Paul's Church, Regina, Neill H., daughter of Archdeacon Reagh, of Prince Edward Island, to W. J. Percival Selby, son of Lieut.-Col. Selby, of Markham, Ont.

POWERS—CROSS—In Toronto, Aug. 11, Edith Cecil, daughter of F. O. Cross, Esq., Toronto, to Ernest Gregory Powell, M.A., of Ridley College, St. Catharines.

LANGMUIR—THORNBURN—In Toronto, Aug. 10, Georgina Herrick, daughter of the late Dr. Thornburn, to John Woodburn Langmuir.

BRYANT—BOYD—At Regina, Sask., Mabel Myra, daughter of the late Nelson Boyd, to James Fraser Bryant, M.A., L.L.B., barrister, Regina.

ROBERTSON—BOOTH—At Barrie, Ont., Aug. 5, Mabel May, daughter of Mr. Wm. Booth, to Wm. D. Robertson, of Toronto, son of Mr. Robt. Robertson, of Lanark, Ont.

**DEATHS.**  
McDOWELL—At Aurora, Ont., Aug. 9, Rev. Henry McDowell, in his 81st year.  
HUME—In Toronto, Aug. 6, Rev. Robert Hume, M.A., aged 75 years.  
FREEMAN—In Toronto, Aug. 10, Grace Rutherford, widow of the late Charles Edgar Freeman, barrister, of Hamilton.

WALLACE—At Go Home Bay, Aug. 5, Polly, daughter of Francis H. and Joy Wilson Wallace, aged 10 years.

Mrs. A. Orr Hastings, Mr. G. S. Minty, Mr. C. Gurney, Mr. Edward F. Qua, General W. H. Cotton, Mr. F. Douglas Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. H. Polson, Mr. William Arthurs, Mrs. J. E. Elliot, Miss Florence MacLeod, Mr. A. E. Royce, Mr. W. B. Meikle, Miss Jardine Thomson, Miss Marjorie Brouse, Mr. W. D. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Anderson, Mr. Broderick, Mr. A. La Londe, Mr. Frederic Nicholls, Mr. A. A. McFall, Mr. D. B. Falkner, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Roper, Mr. W. G. Falconer.

### Dramatic Notes.

CHARLES FROHMAN is easily one of the foremost men the American stage has known. It is said of him that he is a man whose intimates are few. Those who deal with him have to deal quickly. He listens until he has heard everything and then he speaks decisively, and with an answer framed up in some unusual way. Here is a story told of him: A manager, who for present purposes must be called Smith, last season called on Mr. Frohman to secure the services of a star at that time under contract to Mr. Frohman. Frankly, he admits that his plan was to call upon Mr. Frohman at a busy hour, quickly state the case, and, getting an affirmative answer, leave without talking terms at all. Later he knew it would be enough to recall the affirmative answer that had been given without qualification. The transaction took but a few minutes, just as the manager wished.

"Well, then, I may have him," said he.

"Er—m—ah—er—yes—, I will let you have him," said Mr. Frohman, at the same time running over a letter before him.

"All right, thanks very much"—and with that a precipitous rush toward the door.

"But, by the way, Smith," called out Mr. Frohman, "how much do you want me to pay you for taking him off my hands?"

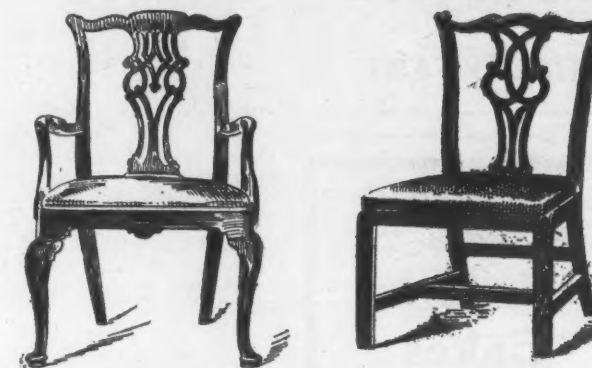
The continued popularity of Scarborough Beach, as a summer resort has negated the predictions of many people that Toronto had not yet become sufficiently metropolitan to maintain an amusement park, such as Luna Park or Dreamland. The success attained by the management has been largely due to the policy of maintaining a clean and wholesome resort, with the result that the best people of the city now extend their patronage and find an avenue for outdoor recreation that was formerly denied them. The attractions have also been maintained at a high standard and the picnic grove has become highly popular as every convenience is furnished for comfortable outings. The concert band, under Conductor Raven, has been brought to a high point of excellence and now has its regular clientele that visit the park every week to hear the latest musical productions. Bathing has also become a popular pastime, as the water of the lake is unusually warm this year and the facilities for enjoying it at the Beach are unsurpassed. The wisdom of the management is seen in the careful attention given to the flower beds which now present a beautiful sight and afford a pleasing relief to the eye in contrast with the long board walks. In every respect the park has fulfilled the claims of its promoters and has become one of the showplaces of the city which had long neglected to develop its unrivalled natural attractions as a summer resort.

Winona Winter, the dainty comedienne, who is known as "The Little Cheer-up Girl," will head the bill at Shea's Theatre next week. The special attraction for the week will be E. Blondell and Co., presenting "The Lost Boy." Other acts to be seen are Bobby Paurdur & Bro., Eddie Mack and Dot Williams, James and Sadie Leonard, Witt's Singing Collets, Goldsmith and Hoppe and the kinetograph.

What seems like an attempt to popularize the Devil is to be made this season by one of Henry W. Savage's companies. At the Garden Theatre in New York Mr. Savage will stage Franz Molnar's Hungarian play, "The Devil." It is described as a fanciful effort to portray Satan as a cultured, cunning gentleman, with just enough diablerie in his make-up to suggest his success as the Evil One. It almost seems like an unnecessary thing to do.

Winthrop Ames has been appointed director, John Corbin, literary manager and Lee Shubert, business manager of the much-talked-of New Theatre in New York. Many names had been mentioned for the post of business manager, but Mr. Shubert was not thought of because of his large business interests. The trio in charge of the new house is considered a strong one.

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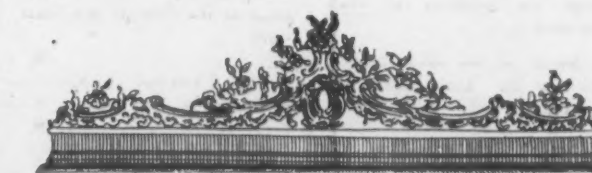
### "Now to get down to business."

A Chippendale Dining-Room Set of Solid Mahogany, consisting of Sideboard, China Cabinet, Serving Table, Dining Table and Chairs. Simple and dignified in design, but of such remarkable beauty as to unfailingly appeal to all who see it.

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To those who think that, possibly, they may not be able to afford such furniture as that described above, we would suggest that one does not buy furniture for a lifetime, but for several lifetimes. Such furniture as this is intended to be handed down from generation to generation. There is no limit to its durability, and age enhances its value.

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### Canadian Editors to Visit England

An Imperial Conference of Journalists to be Held Next May—Visitors to be Well Entertained by the British Press.

IT is proposed to hold a congress of leading editors from all parts of the British Empire in London next May, and probably twenty journalists from Canada will be invited as the guests of the British press. In the latest issue of The Spectator appears a letter from Mr. Harry E. Brittain, secretary of the committee in charge, outlining the purpose in view. Mr. Brittain, to whose book on Canada a reference was made in "The Front Page" last week, was in Canada a year ago and crossed the continent. His letter is as follows:

"Will you allow me to call the attention of your readers to a proposal which I feel confident will engage their unreserved sympathy?

"Imperial conferences and meetings of many kinds have been held of late years, but there is one which still remains to be convened. The representatives of the newspapers of the British Empire have never yet found the opportunity of making acquaintance with one another and exchanging views on those political and professional topics in which they are interested. Considering the great and growing importance of the part played by the press in all the States of the Empire, there can be no body of persons whom it is more desirable to bring into personal contact than those who are charged with the conduct of the great organs of public opinion in all the diverse portions of the Imperial realm.

"A serious attempt is now to be made to attain this end. It is proposed that at the end of next May the editors of the principal newspapers of the British Empire beyond the seas shall be invited to this country as the guests of the Press of Great Britain. A strong committee, with Lord Burnham as president, Lord Northcliffe as honorary treasurer, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson as chairman and the executive, and myself as honorary secretary, has been formed to promote this object. We hope that the invitation will be accepted by the most influential journalists of the self-governing States of the Empire by those of India, and the other Imperial dependencies, and by those of the Crown colonies.

"Facilities will be given for the full and free discussion of various

questions which interest journalists and publicists.

"But we do not intend that our energies or the time of our visitors shall be wholly absorbed in these grave matters. Some of the overseas journalists will be visiting Great Britain for the first time; others will be glad to renew their acquaintance with the old country. We hope that they will spend an enjoyable holiday and carry back pleasant reminiscences of British hospitality; that they will have the opportunity of inspecting the naval, military and industrial resources of the old country; that they will see something of our social life in its best aspects, and that they will be brought into touch with many persons of eminence and distinction, as well as with their leading colleagues of the London and provincial press.

"Guests and hosts have alike much to learn from this mutual intercourse, which should lead to a better understanding by home journalists of the dominions beyond the seas, and a closer realization, on the part of the visitors, of the political, social, and industrial conditions which prevail in these islands. That the occasion, if wisely used, will conduce to the unity and solidarity of the Empire as a whole we entertain no doubt whatever."

### EVERYONE SHOULD TAKE A VACATION, BE IT SHORT OR LONG.

Successful people believe it pays to get away from the busy office or shop and the daily grind, and get into the woods, lakes and streams of which Ontario is so well blessed, and breathe the pure air of the Highlands, impregnated with the odor of the pine and balsams, and rest, read or fish. A few weeks, or even days, will put new energy into you, and repay yourself or your employer for the time absent. A new illustrated publication has just been issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System, entitled, "Vacation Trips," giving brief synopsis of all the resorts and rates for principal trips, copies of which may be obtained at "Canada's Hand-somest Ticket Office," northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Mother (crossly)—Tommy, haven't I told you you must not talk when I am talking? Tommy—But, mamma, you won't let me stay up after you go to bed.—The Sketch.

Lady—You look robust. Are you equal to the task of sawing wood? Tramp—Equal isn't the word, num, I'm superior to it. Good morn-ing!

### Niagara-on-the-Lake

THE children's fancy dress ball, which takes place on Wednesday evening, Aug. 20, is always a very pretty sight.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Perry have arrived from Swarthmore to spend the rest of the summer with Mrs. Stevenson.

Mrs. Biggs has returned to town after being away several weeks.

Mrs. Ford is the guest of Mrs. Bruce Macdonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Syer, Rainy River, spent a few days in town last week.

Miss Agnes Young is among the guests at the Oban House.

Miss Edith Heward has returned from Montreal and is the guest of the Misses McGill.

Mrs. Servos is the guest of Mrs. Squarey, Toronto, while Miss M. Squarey is spending a few days in town with Miss Servos at The Cottage.

The tea and putting contest at the Queen's Royal last Friday was, as usual, very jolly. Mrs. Barnard winning the prize. A few of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Horne, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Riggs, Mrs. Geary, Mrs. Meadows, Mr. Small, Miss M. Garrett, Miss Ballard, Miss Miller, Miss Anderson, Mrs. Bickford, the Misses McGill, Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Moon, Mrs. and Miss McLean, Miss Colquhoun, Mrs. Ingles, Miss F. Heward, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Angle, Mr. McRoberts and others.

Mrs. T. L. Gallagher gave a very jolly little tea for a few of her friends on Tuesday, the tea table being prettily decorated with yellow.

On Saturday afternoon, Aug. 1, an interesting tea was given at The Oban by Mrs. Duncan Milloy, in honor of her 79th birthday. The tea table was beautifully decorated with sweet peas and seventy-nine candles burned brightly while tea was being served. Mrs. Milloy, who has been a resident of Niagara for many years, received many good wishes and congratulations from her many friends. MARCELL.

### Is Optimism Played Out?

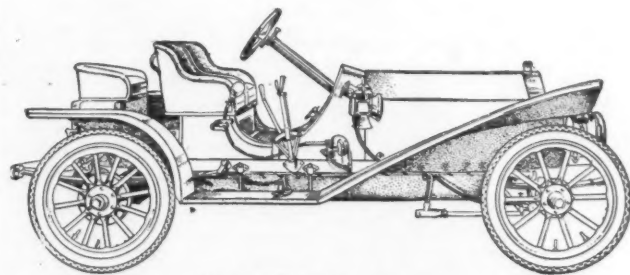
Two Writers Think it is in Regard to the Purposes of Our Literature.

OPTIMISM may do very well for life, but it plays havoc with literature, according to the almost simultaneous voicings of an American and an English critic. We are full of hope and sunniness, and we can't abide the lack of those qualities in our literature. Consequently we reap our proper harvest in inanity or something next to that. Mr. Charles Leonard Moore in The Dial (Chicago, July 16) puts it this way:

"Optimism is a habit of mind rather than an idea. I do not know whether Americans have more hope and sunny expectations than other races, but we talk and preach them more. I think this rose-colored outlook, whatever effect it may have on life itself, is detrimental to literature. It banishes tragedy and all great and serious thought. It makes our art of all kinds thin and flat and savorless. How are we going to make bricks without straw?—how produce great effects without great means?—how project rounded figures without shadow? Our optimism and lack of depth are largely due to our material success, and to the fact that we have never known, as a nation, defeat, despair, and crushing grief. In a literary way, it has been taught us by Emerson. The New-England prophet is a delightful 'friend of the spirit,' but the attempt to build either great lives or great books out of his preachments would be like carrying out smoke in a hand basket."

Curiously enough, almost the same plaint is raised by a writer in The Nation (London), who, after charging that "the want of truthfulness with which problems of sex are regarded in middle-class England reflects unfavorably on the work of our novelists, who may be salacious or suggestive, but not sincere," adds this:

"What weighs on our novelists with even greater pressure is the optimistic idealism which has the greatest aversion for any picture of life that is sombre, tragic, or even uncompromising. This mental temper of our average reader makes directly for lack of depth in our novelists, and we have only to glance through the newspapers to see how little the dark, ironic side of life, the sin, the suffering, the tragedy of the modern



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world, find their rightful place in the work of the English novelist. While we equal the Continental schools in studies of character, and perhaps excel them in the variety and originality of our novels of domestic life, we are far inferior in the novel of psychological analysis.

"Dare we hope for a more unflinching gaze at the realities of life from the younger school of writers? The question is one of popular pseudo-realism versus true realism, and false romanticism versus true romanticism. Current literature reflects very faith-

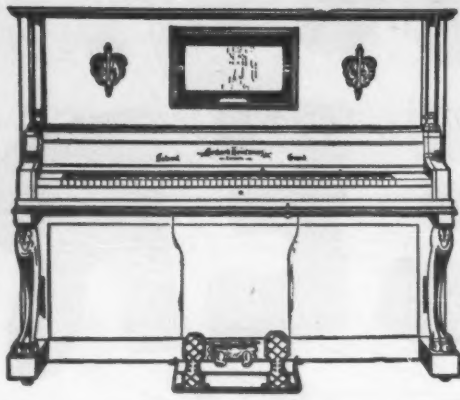
fully the feeling of the day, and the dominant class of reader now asks only to be amused and distracted, and to have his prejudices and illusions respected. Should our national prosperity have to meet the rude shock of a European war, or grave peril to any part of the Empire, we should immediately see arrive a far more serious school of writers to interpret for us the handwriting on our walls."

By latest bulletins, "Predatory Wealth" was several yacht lengths ahead of the nearest pursuer.—Life.



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## The Art Exhibit

At the Canadian National Exhibition—List of the Pictures Coming from France and Great Britain

THE following pictures from the Paris Salon and other art gathered in France are now on their way to Toronto for the Canadian National Exhibition:

1. "The High Flood at Versailles," by Gaston La Touche, Chevalier de la Legion d'honneur, Societaire de la Societe Nationale de Beaux-Arts. Membre de la Delegation.
  2. "The Way of the Strong," by Francis Auburtin, Chevalier de la Legion d'honneur. Membre Societaire de la Societe de Beaux-Arts.
  3. "Three Musicians," by Henry Caro-Delaunay, Membre Societaire de la Societe Nationale de Beaux-Arts.
  4. "A Young Woman," by Rene Avigdor, Artiste Medaille de la Societe des Artistes Francais.
  5. "A Fog in Holland," by Rene Billotte, officier de la Legion d'honneur, Membre Societaire de la Societe Nationale de Beaux-Arts, Secetaire de la Delegation.
  6. "The Flowing Tide," by Ernest Chevalier, Membre Societaire de la Societe Nationale de Beaux-Arts.
  7. "Gathering Sea-Weed in Brittany," by Andre Dauchez, Membre Societaire de la Societe Nationale de Beaux-Arts.
  8. "Venice," by Charles Duvent, Chevalier de la Legion d'honneur, Membre hors-Concours de la Societe des Artistes Francais.
  9. "The River at Morning," by Georget Faure, de la Societe Nationale de Beaux-Arts.
  10. "The Basin of the Luxembourg Garden at Paris," by Louis Gillot, Membre Societaire de la Societe Nationale de Beaux-Arts.
  11. "The Normandy Shore," by Michael de l'Hay, Membre hors-Concours de la Societe des Artistes Francais.
  12. "The Garden of the Royal Palace at Paris," by Frederic Houbon, Membre Societaire de la Societe Nationale de Beaux-Arts.
  13. "A Breakfast of Herbs," by Rene Prinnet, Chevalier de la Legion d'honneur, Membre Societaire de la Societe Nationale de Beaux-Arts.
  14. "Deer Going to Drink," by Frederic Rotig, Membre hors-Concours de la Societe des Artistes Francais.
  15. "A Summer Evening at Concarneau," by Vital Morin.
  16. "A Siesta at Seville," by Henri Zo, Membre hors-Concours de la Societe des Artistes Francais—Prix National.
  17. "Going to the Hunt at Fontainebleau," by Paul Tavernier.
- In addition to the foregoing Director A. G. Temple, of the Guild Hall School of Art and art agent in Great Britain for the Canadian National Exhibition, sends word that he is about shipping the following interesting pictures:
1. "England's Frontier," by W. L. Wyllie, R.A., loaned by the artist.
  2. "The Entente Cordiale," by W. L. Wyllie, R.A., loaned by the artist.
  3. "The Life Boat," by C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A., loaned by the Fine Art Society.
  4. "Sentinels of England," by the Hon. Duff Tollemache, loaned by the artist.
  5. "The Fringe of Mona's Isle," by

Richard Wane, loaned by C. J. Bennett, Esq.

6. "After three Days' Gale," by Edwin Ellis, loaned by the Corporation of Nottingham.

7. "Scotland for Ever," by Lady Butler, loaned by the Corporation of Leeds.

8. "The Jameson Raid," by R. Caton Woodville, loaned by Messrs. H. Graves & Co.

9. "The Heart of the Empire," by Niels M. Lund, loaned by Sir W. Treloar, Bart., late Lord Mayor.

10. "The Homage Giving," Coronation of King Edward VII., by J. H. F. Bacon, A.R.A., loaned by the artist.

11. "A Summer Morning," by Harold Swanwick, R.L., loaned by the Corporation of Liverpool.

12. "The Purbec Hills," by Fred Hall, loaned by the artist.

13. "Capel Curig, North Wales," by B. W. Leader, R.A., loaned by Sir W. Treloar, Bart., late Lord Mayor.

14. "Hampstead Heath," by J. Constable, R.A., loaned by Victoria & Albert Museum.

15. "Trust Her Not, She is Fooling Thee," by R. Wheelwright, loaned by the Corporation of Preston.

16. "Got Him," by Arthur Wardle, loaned by proprietors of the Graphic.

17. "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," by C. R. Leslie, R.A., loaned by the Victoria & Albert Museum.

18. "The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner," by Sir B. Landseer, R.A., loaned by the Victoria & Albert Museum.

19. "Temptation—a Fruit Stall," by Geo. Smith, loaned by the Victoria and Albert Museum.

20. "Katie's Letter," by Haynes King, loaned by the Corporation of Southport.

21. "The Prelude," by S. Melton Fisher, loaned by the artist.

22. "Christ Walking on the Sea," by C. F. Jalabert, loaned by H.R.H. Duchess of Albany.

23. "The Unbidden Guest," by Miss E. F. Brickdale, loaned by the artist.

24. "The Beggar Maid," by M. Grieffenbegen, loaned by the artist.

25. "An Equestrienne," by John Lavery, R.S.A., loaned by the artist.

26. "Portrait of W. Graham Robertson, Esq.," by John S. Gargent, R.A., loaned by Mr. Graham Robertson.

The first six are fine sea pieces, seven and eight, military, nine and ten, of a national character, eleven, twelve, thirteen and fourteen excellent landscapes, fifteen to twenty-one most entertaining genre works, twenty-two, the greatest religious picture painted by a Frenchman and very impressive, twenty-three and twenty-four, works very beautiful and full of meaning, of a poetical character; twenty-five, Lavery's finest work, twenty-six, one of the finest of Sargent's male portraiture.

## VISITORS, ATTENTION! SHORT TRIPS FROM TORONTO.

If you have not weeks to spend in the "highlands of Ontario," don't go home without at least visiting the nearby resorts, such as Jackson's Point, Barrie, Orillia, Penetang, Fenelon Falls, Grimsby Park and Whitby, all within one to three hours' ride, and all located on the Grand Trunk. C. E. Horning, at northwest corner King and Yonge streets, will tell you all about them.

## Private Bell, Signaller.

(Continued From Page 9.)

next move should be he found it difficult to decide.

Over a knoll in the valley—after waiting years, it seemed to him—he was rejoiced to see a long dust-cloud, and knew at once he had earned his reward. He made light of everything else, but wondered, as he scrambled back across the saddle, how he could have made so little of such a dizzy business as it really was. He had made nothing of crossing it when he thought the Afghans were behind; it was a very different business returning. He crossed it at last with a shiver, and skirting round to the back of the hill, descended to where his horse had been left.

Private Bell always looked back upon that night in camp as one to be remembered. It was fortunate for his constitution that the nearest beer canteen was several hundred miles away, for all the scouts and most of the balance of the Q's would certainly have subjected it to a severe test.

It was only human that he felt some pride in showing minute fragments of Afghan on the bent adjusting screws of the maimed heliograph, even though the Signal subaltern did say it was "Confounded waste!" and "Why didn't you prod him in the stomach with the other end? That's the third helio damaged in less than a month."

But Bell's proudest moment was when Captain Fisher strolled out of the mess-tent after dinner and came upon a knot of half-a-dozen of them round a fire, describing the day's adventures.

"That you, Bell?" asked his tall, quiet captain.

"Yessir," springing to attention and saluting.

"Well, you're a good signaller! and I'll take good care to perch you somewhere whenever I'm out on scouting work!"

And he passed on. Private Bell valued this even more than the official reward that came in due course.

And Corporal Stubbins, who heard, felt that he would like to go away somewhere alone and kick himself.

For once the American has discovered something British that was better than anything that could be produced "across the pond." His discovery was a fine collie dog, and he at once tried to induce its owner, an old shepherd, to sell it.

"Wad ye be takin' him to America?" inquired the old Scot.

"Yes, I guess so," said the Yankee. "I thought as muckle," said the shepherd. "I couldna pairt wi' Jock."

But while they sat and chatted an English tourist came up, and to him the shepherd sold the collie for much less than the American had offered. "You told me you wouldn't sell him," said the Yankee, when the purchaser had departed.

"Na," replied the Scot; "I said I couldna pairt wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or so, but he couldna swim the Atlantic."—Detroit Free Press.

Little Newman's mother had faithfully tried to answer his question in regard to death and the future life, and he had been told that when he died his soul would go to heaven. One day he came running in from his play and in excitement cried: "Mamma, mamma, if just my soul goes to heaven, what am I going to button my pants on to?"—Delineator.

The tenth pipeful is as sweet, as fragrant, and as palatable as the first.

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